

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1841.

Embellishment:

PORTRAIT OF CORONATION, WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1841.

COPIED IN LONDON, BY THE ELECTROTYPE,

From an Engraving by G. PATERSON, after an original Painting by C. HANCOCK.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Objections to, and Benefits of, Racing, by "C. of Cincinnati," is already in type for our next number.

An engraving of Mr. GIBBONS' *Mariner* and *Fashion*, after an original painting by Burford, is in hand, and will be issued in the January number, accompanied with their memoirs. Great curiosity is very naturally expressed at the South and West to see portraits of these distinguished "cracks of the day," and especially with regard to that of Fashion, the conqueror of the hitherto invincible Boston.

What has become of "A Looker on here in Vienna"—of "Tarkill," "Curiosus," "Index," and "Observer"? The campaign in the Eastern, Middle, and Western States having terminated, they can now compare notes to advantage. The present shooting and hunting season, too, throughout the country, should not be suffered to pass unnoticed.

The following paragraph, on the subject of "*Electrotype Engravings*," from the London "Morning Post," will be read with some interest, inasmuch as the present illustration of the "Register" is a specimen of the art:—

"Mr. WILLIAMS, of Paternoster-row, who has been for some time past experimentalizing in the novel art of Electrotype Engraving, has just commenced the publication of a series of illustrations to "*Don Quixotte*," of which he has sent us the first part. The impressions before us are from the rare engravings of the famous old artist Coypel; and what the public are to understand is, that they are taken from plates which by the electrotype process are themselves manufactured only from the preserved copies of the ancient engravings, to the tone, texture, color, and spirit of which they bear the most perfect fidelity. The result is, that where the originals were beautiful and vigorous, as in the present instance, the copies are beautiful and vigorous also; and in the work before us, we have a proof that the most valuable productions of the olden engravers may be now multiplied to us without damage to the reputation which has brought their fame up to our own time. It is also likely that the new art will supersede the necessity for steel engraving, which had never any advantage over copper but that of the power of production. Nothing can approach it in freedom, boldness, and breadth of effect."

We may be permitted to state in advance that the Friends of the Northern filly *Fashion* WILL ACCEPT the match offered her by the Owners of *Boston*. The race will come off over the Union Course, Long Island, on the 2d Tuesday of May next.

Three complete sets of the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine," from its commencement, with all the engravings, etc., perfect, may be obtained at this office, handsomely bound. The price is \$100 cash.

CORRECTION.

In the September No. of the "Turf Register," page 525, an error occurred in the List of the Stock of R. W. McFARLAND, Esq., of Owensborough, Ky. *Clarinet*, ch. f., was foaled on the 21st June, 1841, instead of 1831. She was got by Kentucky Sir Charles, out of Mary Grindle by Eclipse. *Pocah* was foaled in 1831 instead of 1841.

CORONATION,
Winner of the Derby Stakes at Epsom, 1841.

COPIED IN LONDON, BY THE ELECTROTYPE,

From an Engraving by G. PATERSON, after an original Painting by C. HANCOCK.

THE readers of the "Register" are herewith presented with the first perfect specimen of *Electrotype Engraving* ever published in this country! The original engraving was executed for the London "New Sporting Magazine," and the copy of it, taken for the "Register," is equally clear, spirited, and delicate. This wonderful art of copying engravings by the Electrotpe, is likely to be brought to the same perfection as the drawings by the Daguerrecotype. The effect will be to reduce the cost of the most magnificent engravings to the price of the commonest lithographs.

Coronation, a remarkably well-shaped bay horse, sixteen hands high, was bred by Mr. Rawlinson. He was got by Sir Hercules (by Whalebone, out of Peri, the dam of Capt. Stockton's Imp. Langford,) out of Ruby by Rubens, out of Revenge's dam by Williamson's Ditto—Agnes by Shuttle—Highflyer—Goldfinder—Lady Bolingbroke by Squirrel—Herod's dam. Coronation is thus ably described by a contemporary:—

"He has a strong head; rather small eyes; his ears he keeps very perpendicular. He is very large in the cheeks, and tapers at the nose. His neck is (when in the stable and not under the influence of the bridle) straight, but well set on, and clean about the throat. He rises high on the withers. His shoulders are powerful and oblique. He is deep in the brisket, and full chested. His arms are round and muscular, his knees large, but his legs and pasterns are inclined to be long. He has capital open feet. He is a round-barrelled horse, with arched loins; his quarters rather drooping, and the tail is low set on. His thighs and hocks are exceedingly large, and he is well furnished about his gaskins. In color he is a good blood bay, and take him altogether, he is a remarkably fine animal. It is worthy of observation that in his walk he is as nimble as a pony."

Performances:—Coronation's first appearance upon the Turf, was at Oxford, in the year 1840, where he won a Sweepstakes for two and three year olds, three quarters of a mile, beating Pelerine, 2 yrs. old; filly by Nimrod, out of Busk, 3 yrs. old; and Affection, 2 yrs. old, in a canter. At Warwick, in the same year, he won a Sweepstakes, T.Y.C., beating St. Cloud and Norman, by a neck.

In 1841—He won the Trial Stakes at the Warwick Spring meeting, in a canter, beating The Plover, Protection, and Fitzroy;—Naamah, Sunflower, Hatred, Syria, by Muley Moloch, The Star, and Hampton, not placed.

These performances left Coronation still "a dark horse"—his opponents never having been of a caste to test his real merits; until at Epsom he showed himself in every way superior to all the favorites of the day, by running away from them in true "Plenipo style." For an account of this Derby race see the last July number of the "Register," page 396. In his race for the Derby (154 subscribers) he beat a field of twenty-nine, being the largest that ever started for them. Sub-

sequently Coronation walked over for a Stake of 13 subs., at Ascot, and also won at Bibury.

Coronation was trained at Chadlington by Painten, Mr. Rawlinson's private groom, who with considerable ability prepared him for all his engagements but his last—his race for the St. Leger. Of this performance the "New Sporting Magazine" says:—

"Coronation lost his race through the neglect of his owner to adopt the means necessary to ensure success. That this neglect arose from anything else than that false confidence which has lost so many races, and which is the less excusable with such an opponent as John Scott, no man of sense will believe. The plain fact is, that Satirist came to the post, as all Scott's horses do, *fit to run*, and that Coronation did not; and this race is one more example of an immense advantage gained by industry over self-satisfied confidence."

The details of the St. Leger race are contained in the report of the Doncaster races, in the present number of the "Register." All our sporting contemporaries agree that Coronation lost the race from nothing but want of work, not having had even a gallop for some days before he was brought to the post. We may add that Mr. Rawlinson is supposed to have realized Eleven Thousand Pounds—about Fifty-five Thousand Dollars—*independent* of his stakes, by Coronation's winning the Derby! A fear that his horse might be tampered with, is urged by Mr. R.'s friends as the reason which induced him and his trainer not to give the horse his customary exercise. The Old Sporting Magazine speaks to the following effect on this subject:—

"Coronation having won the Derby so easy, and being an *unbeaten horse*, no one seemed to doubt but he must be a much better nag than a GUSTAVUS, a MAMELUKE, a PRIAM, a PLENIPOTENTIARY, or a BLOOMSBURY, all winners of the Derby, but each got a *pill* over the little hill at Doncaster for the Leger. Still no one dreamed of anything but victory for Coronation!—the thing must come off this time!!! But, after all, it dropped through with 2 to 1 *on* him, and then cry the bettors, 'we shall never have such a chance again!' The great Southern Star, however, did not make his appearance at Doncaster until the morning of the race, and was kept snug in all the mazes of mystery: but the *reality* of defeat followed, and then it was mooted *he had not galloped since the preceding Friday*, which was the cause of his being overcome!"

MY FIRST SHOOTING MATCH.

IN the year —— I made a match for a rump and dozen to shoot against Charles C —— on the 3d September. It was not the value of the stake—it was not altogether the losing or winning, but the knowledge that on the morrow I was to *shew off*, that occasioned me a restless night previous to the appointed day. I had as good a pointer dog and setter bitch as any man, and as no condition was made as to the number of dogs either was to use at once, I determined to use them singly at first, and to top up with both if necessary. I need not say that they were well tended the day before the match came off, nor that they were fed under my own eye, nay by my own hand, the night previous to the day “big with the fate of Cato and of Rome.”

The morning at last came, and a finer September morning never shone. We were to shoot from seven until three, and dine at four. We met with umpires and friends to breakfast, which was got up in good style at a friend's lodge, and had only one fault, that it was too tempting and luxurious for men about to enter upon so long a walk as evidently awaited us. But I was proof against temptation, and remembering well the business in hand, saw eggs, broiled ham, devil'd chicken, potted shrimps, tea, coffee, chocolate, and mild ale disappear among the party, contenting myself with a little dry toast and two cups of coffee. At length time was called, and I started with a friend, an enemy (so to speak), and an umpire, with one dog—my Sancho. My opponent had the like retinue, but was equipped with a leash of dogs; two out of the three were his own, and I knew them well; the third was a borrowed one, and it struck me, if it was as good as his, and they worked well together, that he would have a decided advantage as far as the dogs were concerned, and I did feel a little nervous and apprehensive that I should have done better to have started with a brace. However, there was no altering things just then, for my bitch was two miles off, and I had appointed her to meet me at ten o'clock at Herne's bushes—so off I started.

The first field I entered I had a point; up jumped a hare, over she rolled, and I cried “first blood,” just as I heard a double shot from Mr. Charles, and in a minute after a very large covey of birds came directly from the spot where he had fired, and dispersed in twos and threes over the field. “Ho! ho!” thought I, “all's right so far, and with old Sancho at this sort of thing there can be nothing far wrong.” We moved on about fifty yards to a small hollow, in which I had marked down a leash of the birds, and there the old dog stood “as stiff as pitch,” as Harry White said when he conned over *the day* at his mahogany the following Friday. Up got one of them, and I dropped it in good style at about thirty-five yards. Down fell Sancho, too, as if he had been shot; and as I lost no time in loading, I was soon ready for the remaining brace, which I walked up, having called the old dog in to heel, and knocked

one of them down dead, while the other, having been winged, was soon in Sancho's mouth, who was an excellent retriever. This will do, thought I; and as the old dog stood again within two minutes, and another double shot told well, while no similar sound came westward, "At any rate," quoth Harry White, "J—n, you have only to keep the lead which good fortune has given you." I thought so, but said nothing; in fact it was not a time for talking, for poor Charles' birds lay like stones (it turned out that, like an old Sportsman, he had nailed both the papa and mamma when the covey first rose), and in about twenty minutes I had seven brace and a half of young birds (bigger than old ones you know) in the bag. As yet I had only missed one shot, for there was no wind to signify, and but little sun. It has always been my lot to shoot best in the early part of the day, and seldom with equal skill during a whole day—partly perhaps that towards the middle of it luncheon has come across me, and I never found myself in the same trim after *that*, having occasionally shot well after it when I had boggled during the morning. We walked on for some time before we came across any more close work. A brace of leverets, a couple of rabbits, and a landrail, however, were added to my score, and a splendid covey sent down-wind towards some rush grounds, which in the winter are a favorite resort for snipes. Now, thought I, if these birds are gone into Hunt's closes (for such are the rushes) I shall have another *battue*. On our way thither old Sancho began some vagaries, which put me out altogether. He commenced drawing and pointing, but nothing rose. I could tell by his eye that there was game; besides, it was not in the nature of the old boy (if old he could be called at 10, and yet he was not young certainly,) to point false; by-and-bye, however, up it rose—a quail, and then I was satisfied that my dog was as true as steel. There was a bevy of them, and I considered that I could not do better than stick to them, feeling convinced that their steady gliding flight ensured me certain success with them. In this it turned out that I was mistaken. I had shot well at the partridges in their rapid darting career, but the quails were more than a match for me. I killed but two couple and a half altogether, and fired thirteen shots at them. Besides, I knew my own infirmity. I knew that the morning was my crack time, and from experience, that, when once I began missing in earnest, there was a sort of fatality, or rather the reverse, attendant upon every shot when I was under a cloud. In a word, I *was* nervous at this period of the day, and, unlike to that prince of philosophers, my friend *Grip*, in "Barnaby Rudge," could not from my heart exclaim truly, "Never say die." It was at this moment that my old acquaintance, Harry White, came to my aid with a powerful adjunct in the shape of his *pocket pistol*; and with admirable tact and judgment, while taking a drop of the contents, and giving me a wink at the same time, handed me the bottle with hearty praise of my *partridge*-shooting, and a declaration that he never could kill a quail in his life. Now I knew Harry to be a slashing shot at partridges, and an out-and-out hand at rabbits in covert; and somehow, although I suspected that he was cheating

me into nerve, I took heart at his words, set to in good earnest, and left Hunt's closes, leaving only one partridge alive behind me. This made all right again, for it was impossible for Charles and all his dogs to do more than kill every bird! and his friend, who like a born-gentleman as he was and *is*, had never spoken a word while I was both hitting and missing, said quietly, "You'll win this." I thought so too, for I had bagged two brace more hares, and in all had forty-seven head in my bag, and the turnip-ground still before me. We were shortly at Herne's bushes, where we found my tiger and old Doll ready; and after taking a draught of lemonade, of which he brought a dozen of Schweppe's in ice, I set to work with a pair of clean barrels, the washing-rod having formed a part of his luggage. I started the dog off at this time, for as I meant to use him again if needed, I thought a little gruel and a bone or two with a quiet sleep in the stable would be better than dragging him behind us in a leash, and tiring him to no purpose; so bundling him into the gig, I started with Doll for the turnips.

I was not long before I got a point, but they were a brace of barren birds; and as one only fell, it was less than expectation assumed, and I felt a little annoyed at such a start. It was not the sort of start we had in the morning, and I had already felt the value of a good beginning. However, there was a patch of potatoes in the next field, and towards them we plodded, and, as it seemed, not in vain. Up got a splendid covey, just as the old girl began to wind them, and down came a leash. "No bird," said West, as *the two* came down, and the umpire assenting, one only was added to the score; and the rest of the covey, as the deuce would have it, had crossed the boundary line, and were safe, for that day at least, in a field of Lord Barham. Another covey, and shortly after another and another, were in turn pointed, fired at, and in like manner lost or marked, as has happened a thousand times to a man who is his own marker, which was the rule of this match. With hares and leverets I had extraordinary luck. I was always better at fluck than feather, and did not disgrace myself or my old reputation *this* day. Time wore on, and we were again on the near approach to the starting-place, while every now and then a shot would reward the efforts of Doll, who did her work to admiration, and never for a moment gave me cause to regret the absence of her companion, as the dog in the morning had fully answered all my expectation. It was two o'clock when I again heard a shot westward-ho! and I knew that my opponent was drawing towards home.—I own

An undefined and sudden thrill,
Which makes the heart a moment still,
Then beat again, as if ashamed
Of that strange sense its silence framed,

did indeed come over me then. The day was drawing to a close—the crisis of my fame as a Sportsman—the honor of my dogs—and the joy of winning, were on the turn, and that shot told me in how little time it would all be over. Fate seemed to favor me near home. I saw a large covey running along a quick line, and

from the direction in which Dolly was going, I knew it would be all right in a moment: so it was: she came straight down the hedge, and as the wind was right, it was "to-ho!" in a few seconds, and the birds were between us. Up they got—"bang! bang!"—and the old cock with one of the young ones were as dead as mutton. The rest were marked down, almost without an effort, in a large wheat-stubble. I was soon with them—"crack, crack," went my double in double-quick time, and seldom without good effect. I had never shot so well. I had broken the old spell upon my afternoon aim. I could hit anything, miss nothing. Charley's chance was indeed the rotten orange, mine the Royal Exchange. I heard him fire, but it was without fear or the shake of a single nerve. I had six shots to his one. It was beating him hollow: hurrah! the day was mine—the match, the first I ever was in, mine beyond a question!

We shortly were in the stable-yard—men, dogs, guns, ponies, andthe bag. But, wonder upon wonder! where had all this game come from? Hares, leverets, snipe, quail, landrail, forty-two brace of birds, and six couple of rabbits had he brought to bag; while my show, though a splendid one, and as I *had* thought an eclipse in our country, exceeded him by only four head. But I had won; yes! beyond all question—and dispute there was none: I had come off victorious, and the match was mine. The rump and dozen were of the tip-top order, and the jolly doings, which Sportsmen delight in and enjoy in all climes, "the snowy and the sunny," wound up the day of my Match, and left it one of the green spots of memory for many and many a September. H. J.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for October, 1841.

WHAT IS SOUNDNESS OR UNSOUNDNESS IN HORSES?

THIS is a question which has been oftener asked than satisfactorily answered. The September Number of the "Veterinarian" contains the following "professional" declaration of the real extent of a warranty of soundness:—

"On reference to the Dictionary, you will find that 'Sound' means healthy, right, stout, hearty; 'Soundness,' health, truth, solidity.

"In stating that a horse is *sound*, we understand then that he is *healthy, free from sickness and disease; right, suitable, true, stout, and hearty*; if unsound, that he is either *not free from disease, or not right, not stout, not hearty*."

A SCRIMMAGE WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

MY DEAR SIR: Bentham says, "Prejudice apart, the game of pushpin is of equal value with the arts of music and poetry;" then why should I, "a Tim-Timmite," hesitate in saying that there is as good sport in fishing for an alligator in the Hooghly's muddy stream, as for mahseer in the Nerbudda's chrystal waters?

"What's the odds, as long as you are happy," is my creed, and "all's fish that comes to the net" I presume to be *Maga's*; so I make no apology for sending you such an "unkimmon" offering, albeit many of your readers may, after a perusal of my alligator story, say, "very much like a *whale*." You, who know how my spirit pants to be in the Mofussil again, "with a chosen band, and a jungle land," can sympathise with me on my present unfortunate position, constrained as I am by "the sharks, 'od rot 'em," (land ones), still to be a ditcher, and liable to have my sporting feelings disgusted by hearing that Messrs. Perkins, Snooks, Brown, *cum multis aliis*, made their annual excursion to Budge-Budge, to spea—ye gods! that I should be obliged to write it!—tame pigs!!! positively, white and black ones: or how, on another occasion, Tomkins rode in a steeple-chase with springs to his stirrup-leathers, not knowing that his first leap would send him flying from his saddle. What boots it that I am aware that one man keeps his gun, duly ticketed, in one of Hatton's glass show-cases, and, "in course," is always talking of snipe-shooting; or that another, possessing two or three of the best nags for "cross-country" work, never has been out once this last season with the hounds, and yet to hear him talk would make one think he knew the name of every dog in the pack. Such men are in their element within the *ditch*, and as they no doubt support "*Old Maga*," they are so far useful, and I'll let them pass for the present; but truly, my dear editor, you are sadly off in this, the city of palaces and dust, in the article of sporting spirit, and that I have just cause and reason to wish myself back in the jungle again, *e vero*! All I can do in the meantime is to make the best of a bad job, and be satisfied with such goods as the gods provide me—an occasional sniping in the Salt Water Jheel—a pigeon match—sailing "The Dolphin" against "The Eagle"—an *affaire d'amour*, or, in fact, any thing *pour passer le temps*.

With regard to snipe, I was out frequently this last season, with two of the best shots in the Cameronians—poor G—t (now gone to his last home), and D. We generally found the birds wild, and not over plentiful; occasionally, when found on the drier parts, we managed to get very pretty shooting, and on one occasion counted down our one hundred and fifty brace, after a few hours' fagging—not so bad, that, for the ditch! I am told the Budge-Budge country is better, but my friends could never steal a march on their colonel to get so far. We tried the Howrah side frequently, but with indifferent success. Sniping, however, in Bengal, is, after all, in

my humble opinion, better left alone ; and I strongly suspect it had a good deal to do with the break-up in poor G—t's constitution.

My note-book informs me of the particulars of a very pretty little pigeon match I formed one in, since I have sojourned here—a learned barrister and your old correspondent "Poacher," against G—t and myself ; eleven birds each, at twenty-one yards from the trap : every bird was killed ! Think of that, Master Brook ! The same match was made again, seven birds each, the same distance, and we *again* tied ; though the trap sprung the birds up in capital style, they were not the right sort, and did not fly strong. The match was subsequently shot off with twelve dozen regular flyers, all blues, the strongest and wildest I have ever seen ; it was, *mira-bile dictu*, as near a tie *again* as possible—the barrister and Poacher being only beat by two birds ; G. and myself killed sixty-two, while they dropped sixty : thus twenty-two birds only escaped, and several of these fell out of bounds. The Rajah "Buddinauth," in whose garden-grounds the match came off, entertained us most hospitably, with a regular Wilson's tiffin, in return for which we flattered his vanity, and told him that the cause of our good shooting was the encouraging glances we every now and then got from the beautiful creatures peeping from the harem walls.

Before changing my subject from fowl to fish, let me ask, why is there no Pigeon-Shooting Club in Calcutta ? It is surely better than écarté-ing, or loo-ing to the extent of some hundreds of gold mohurs, in a club of another denomination ? It is a cheap amusement, and at all events can always be made to possess the same attraction as the Cricket Club, to wit—the Champagne Tiffins ! And now, as to catching the alligator.

You know, of course "Akra" farm, a few miles below Garden Reach, and if you are at all particular in those necessary articles of consumption, yclept butter, roasting pigs, brawns, sausages, &c., you also know that there is a large establishment kept up there for the due supply of such things and other matters ; if you *should not* have been aware of this, let me recommend you the first half-holiday you have to run down there, and refresh your olfactory nerves with a sniff in the dairy, and *if* it does not remind you instanter of old England, and of your own home dairy—(if perchance you lived in the country)—why, you may forthwith deliver me over to the worthy proprietor to be victimized with a scalding, scraping, and pickling after the approved method of the establishment.

Well, about a week ago, I was cruising down the river to stretch the new sails of the pretty little "Dolphin," when, on passing "Akra," my attention was attracted to about thirty or forty niggers, pulling and hauling like grim death at something or another. Wide awake for any kind of diversion, I stood in towards the shore, and on hailing them, was told that they had hooked an alligator. There were several gentlemen foremost in the scrimmage, and seeing that it was a regular "pull devil, pull baker" affair, and that the devil had the best of it, and was pulling hardest, that is, they could scarcely hold the brute, I volunteered my services and clapped on. It was a service of danger, for we were at times, when he was

"very obstreperous," up to our waists in the river, rather than let him go, and there were no doubt other members of his family in our immediate neighborhood. There was a good deal of fun to be expected in getting him ashore alive, or we might easily have given him his quietus with a rifle ball, for he several times poked his long nose out of water, and favored us with a view of his ivories; in fact, he made regular charges, at all which times it was "devil take the hindmost" with our force. The struggle lasted upwards of two hours, ere we had him on shore—I can't say *terra firma*, for it was *terra* muddy, where I need not say he was welcomed with a most unmerciful bamboozing, to cool his courage preparatory to our dragging him up to the slaughter house. Before this could be done, we had to slip another rope with a bowling knot, down the one to which he was hooked, and got it over his head, after which we divided our people and started him; those in advance accelerating his paces *volens volens* when too slow, and the rear guard checking him when too fast, which was frequently the case.

We lodged him in due safety in the slaughter-house—(a large square puckah building without any roof)—and were then enabled to view him at our ease, and amuse ourselves by touching him up with spears and poles. His "raw" seemed to be just about the small of the back, and on getting a dig *there*, he never failed to throw up his head, open his jaws about three quarters of a yard, and close them again with a clap that *must* be heard to be believed. You can fancy pretty well what it was, when I say that the claps were distinctly heard in the dwelling-house, nearly a quarter of a mile off. The thickest bamboos, thrust in his mouth, were bitten through as easily as one may cut a cucumber. He was subsequently shot, just behind the fore-shoulder; he measured eighteen feet long, and when opened three balls of hair were found in his stomach, one as large as a man's head, and the other two decreasing in size to about that of a large cricket ball. There were also innumerable bangles, little pieces of copper, and a brass ornament, once appertaining to some unfortunate Hindoo, who no doubt, while bathing, had been carried off by the monster. A long low chur, covered with reeds, lies between the river and the farm, and affords a comfortable *locale* for the alligators, added to which, they have every temptation to congregate there, from the immense quantity of offal daily thrown into the river, a hundred pigs and upwards being frequently slaughtered in the four-and-twenty hours. The proprietor, Capt. G., a worthy quondam son of Neptune, told me that he had suffered considerably from their wounding his buffaloes, it being impossible to keep them from the river-side in the heat of the day, and *I myself* saw an instance of it a few days afterwards. The "gwallah" saw the buffalo seized, but we only saw it after it had struggled clear of the alligator's jaws. The hind shoulder, and all under the flanks was lacerated most dreadfully, and the bone of the leg below the knee completely smashed. The poor brute was of course ordered to be killed. The shark-hook, duly trimmed out with a savory-looking piece of pork, was of course in the water without loss of time, and ere ten minutes had elapsed, was grabbed.

It must have been a much larger alligator than the first one caught, for it was impossible to hold him at all. We got several shots at him, but in one of his desperate attempts at escape, he broke our rope, (a fair coir cable for a small-sized beauleah), and fairly got away. Never mind, I said—

“The fish that's hook'd, and gets away,
May perhaps be caught another day;”

and as it was determined to try again, the extreme end of another rope was made fast to an empty hogshead, which he was allowed to tow about until tired out.

I believe our worthy friend Dr. G—e has the balls of hair, taken from the stomach of the one we caught, in his possession, if not the skull also. I did not hear the result of the next attempt, as I had “other fish to fry.”

“Time and tide wait for no man,” and as my *time* was up, and the *tide* was up, I made the best of my way up to town again. On my first trip through the Sunderbunds, I purpose trying the hook again in the same cause, and you shall be favored with the result. In the mean time I call upon all *Maga's* supporters to shoot time as he flies, and kill him with a yarn on any subject, for the amusement of all her subscribers.

Your's very truly,

A TIM-TIMMITE.

Bengal Sporting Magazine, for August, 1840.

A CHAPTER FROM THE “HISTORY OF THE BRITISH TURF.”

BY JAMES CHRISTIE WHYTE, ESQ.

The leading characters on the Turf at the present day—Betting—The method of “making a Book”—Tattersall's—Method by which Adventurers get into credit in the Betting-ring, &c. &c.

THE following brief sketch of the “doings” of some of the leading characters on the Turf, at the present time, may, perhaps, be of some interest to the majority of our readers. In the first rank among these we find the present Duke of Grafton, whose early success on the Turf was greatly owing to the excellent stud* he inherited from his father, who was an excellent judge of racing, and a frequent winner of all the great stakes of his day.

The present Duke has won the Derby Stakes four times, and the

* The excellence of the Grafton stud may be said to have been derived from the late Duke's famous *Prunella*, by *Highflyer*, out of *Promise*, and whose pedigree goes back to *Bay Bolton*, *Darley's Arabian*, and the *Byerley Turk*, &c., but to the utmost limit a pedigree can go, viz., to the *White Turk*, the *Taffolet Barb*, and the *Natural Barb* mare. This celebrated mare produced eleven first rate horses, all of whose names, like her own, commenced with the letter P, and it has been computed realized upwards of £100,000 to the Grafton family.

Oaks nine, besides most of the good things at Newmarket and other places. In one year, indeed, 1825, it has been stated by Nimrod that his Grace pocketed no less than £13,000 from public stakes alone!

In obtaining this success the Duke of Grafton was no doubt materially aided by the excellent management of his trainer, the late Mr. Robson, and the good riding of the late Frank Buckle, Wm. Clift, and John Day. Of late years, however, we find his Grace has not been quite so successful, a falling off which has by some been dated from the retirement of the late Mr. Robson.

The Duke of Portland has done little since 1828, when he won the Derby with Tiresias, and his stud is now very small; indeed, like the Duke of Rutland, his Grace may be said to have almost left the Turf.

The Duke of Rutland won the Derby with Cadland in 1828, after a dead heat with The Colonel, and in 1811 and 1814, the Oaks with Sorcery and Medora.

The Duke of Cleveland still continues to evince the same partiality for racing, which he did for many years as Earl of Darlington, and may be said to be still, perhaps, without exception the heaviest bettor on the Turf. His Grace yields to nobody in his knowledge of everything connected with his favorite amusement, and in the excellence of his judgment of the race-horse; he is besides the most liberal purchaser of the day, having given in 1832, no less a sum than £3500 for Trustee and Liverpool, and in the years 1823 and 4, £12,000 for four horses, viz.: Swiss, Swab, Barefoot, and Memnon. The two last were afterwards purchased by Mr. Watt, who won the St. Leger with them in the years 1823 and 1825 respectively. The success of his Grace's stud has been principally confined to the North, where he won the St. Leger in 1831 with Chorister; but up to the present day his stable has not produced a winner of either of the great Epsom Stakes.

To the Duke of Richmond the Turf stands peculiarly indebted for the revival of the races at his splendid domain of Goodwood, which now ranks as the fourth country meeting in England.

The Marquis of Exeter has been for many years connected with the Turf, as the breeder and owner of an extensive stud of running horses. His Lordship has been extremely fortunate with the Oaks Stakes, which he has won no less than three times; viz., in 1821 with Augusta, in 1829 with Green Mantle, and in 1832 with Galatea.

Since the elevation of the Marquises of Worcester and Tavistock to their fathers' titles, the list of noblemen sportsmen of this rank, is, after the above mentioned peer, confined to the names of Westminster, Conyngham, and Sligo, of whose racing career all that can be said at present is, that they have deserved success.

The Earl of Jersey may be said, since the death of the Earl of Egremont, to rank next to the Duke of Grafton as a successful breeder. Among other celebrated winners from his Lordship's stable we find Cobweb, the winner of the Oaks in 1824, and Middleton, Mameluke, and Bay Middleton, the winners of the Derby in the

years 1825, 1827, and 1836. His Lordship was formerly confederate with Sir John Shelley, of great sporting celebrity, the breeder of Phantom. Like his Grace of Cleveland, Lord Jersey is supposed to be thoroughly skilled in all the tactics of modern racing. His stud which, although not large, is well selected, is kept at his seat, Middleton Stony, in Oxfordshire.

The Earl of Chesterfield, like most beginners, was some time on the Turf before he began to come in for his share of the "good things." He may, however, be said now to have passed the "Rubicon" in this respect, having won in 1838, the Oaks with Industry and the St. Leger with Don John. The noble Earl keeps a large racing stud, and bets heavily.

The Earl of Burlington is well known as a breeder, but has not a large stud at present; occasionally also, when he takes a fancy to a horse, he bets very high.

The Earl of Wilton, grandson to the Earl of Grosvenor, of great sporting celebrity, is well known as an owner of race-horses, besides having the reputation of being one of the best gentlemen jockies of the day.

The Earl of Albemarle and the Earl of Stradbroke, lately confederate with the Duke of Richmond, and the Earls of Lichfield, Oxford, &c., are also well known to sporting fame.

We must not, however, omit the following names, which have peculiar claims to our notice. Lord George Bentinck, the son of the Duke of Portland, although comparatively young on the Turf, in point of years, has shewn himself equal, if not, indeed, more than a match for the oldest stagers. His Lordship is most enthusiastic in his devotion to this pursuit, and it is said will at any time go any distance to witness a trial. His success has been equal to his spirit and indefatigable attention, and he is one of the heaviest and most fortunate bettors of the day.

The venerable General Grosvenor has been many years a constant woer of fortune on the Turf, but has too often had reason to complain of the proverbial fickleness of this goddess. His most fortunate hits have been his winning the Oaks, in 1807, with Briseis, and again, in 1825, with Wings, both with heavy odds against them. In 1832 General Grosvenor was fortunate in his purchase of Glaucus, which horse he sold for 3000 gs., after having won £1400 in public money.

The success of Mr. Stephen Batson, one of the oldest members of the Jockey Club, was until 1834, when his famous horse Plenipo won the Derby, &c., confined to the provincial meetings.

Mr. Thornhill is the owner of a large stud at his seat at Riddlesworth (whence the famous stakes at Newmarket derive their name), and has the reputation of being one of the best judges of racing at Newmarket. In 1818 he won the Derby with Sam, and the same stake again in 1820 with Sailor; he also won the Oaks in 1819, with Shoveller. All these horses were got by Scud. In the Quarterly Review we find the following remarks on these races:—"Previously to Sam's race, this shrewd judge, Mr. Thornhill, pronounced the Derby Stakes in his pocket, and he also picked out

Gulnare as winner of the Oaks for the Duke of Richmond, without the possibility, as he expressed himself, of losing it, barring the accident of a fall. The strange coincidence of his winning the Derby with *Sailor by Scud*, during a violent gale of wind, will, perhaps, never be forgotten at Epsom!"*

Among the other frequenters of Newmarket whose names stand conspicuous, we may mention Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Sir T. M. Stanley, Messrs. Rous, G. Rush, J. R. Udney, C. C. Greville, T. Cosby, G. Byng, G. Payne, and Valentine Kingston, the "Yorick" of Newmarket.

The public men on the Turf who have acquired the most notoriety, from having gained immense sums by betting, have been thus aptly described by "Nimrod" in the following extract:—

"Of the public racing men at Newmarket, Messrs. Crockford, Gully, Ridsdale, Saddler, the Chifneys, &c., we need not say much, their deeds being almost always before us. But looking at the *extraordinary* results of these men's deeds, who will not allow racing to be the best trade going? Talk of studs, talk of winnings, talk of racing establishments—our Graftons, Richmonds, Portlands, and Clevelands, with all their 'means and appliances to boot,' are but the beings of a summer's day, when compared with those illustrious personages, and their various transactions and doings on the Turf. Here is a small retail tradesman, dealing in a very perishable commodity,† become our modern Cræsus in a few years, and proprietor of *several* of the finest houses in England! Behold the champion of the boxing ring, the champion of the turf, the proprietor of a noble domain, an honorable member of the reformed parliament, all in the person of a Bristol butcher! Turn to a great proprietor of coal-mines—the owner of the best stud in England—one who gives 3000 guineas for a horse—in the comely form of a Yorkshire footman! We have a quondam Oxford Livery-stable-keeper, with a dozen or more race-horses in his stalls, and those of the very best stamp, *and such as few country gentlemen, or, indeed, many others, have a chance to contend with.* By their father's account of them, the two Messrs. Chifney were stable-boys to Earl Grosvenor at eight guineas a year, and a stable suit. They are now owners of nearly the best horses, and—save Mr. Crockford's—quite the best houses, in their native town. There is the son of the ostler of the Black Swan, at York, betting his thousands on the heath, his neck-erchief secured by a diamond pin. Then to crown all, there is Squire Beardsworth of Birmingham, with his seventeen race-horses, and his crimson liveries, in the same *loyal*, but dirty town, in which he once drove a hackney-coach."

Some changes have occurred among them since this was written (1833), for more than one of these persons have experienced the instability of fortune. Ridsdale we find a bankrupt in 1836, Samuel Chifney taking the benefit of the Insolvent Act in 1838—

* Our author is, however, mistaken in stating that Gulnare won the Oaks in Sam's year, for she was not even in existence at that time. We suppose, therefore, he must have meant Mr. Udney's Corinne, the winner of the Oaks in 1818. The Duke of Richmond's Guinare won the Oaks in 1827.

† Mr. Crockford was at one time a Fishmonger.

and, it is well known that Beardsworth died almost insolvent. We have no doubt that, should the rest only remain in "the ring" long enough, and brave the encounter of younger and sharper wits, they will meet with similar reverses.

We now come to speak of that species of gambling called "Betting," which in no country in the world is carried on to the extent it is in this, whether upon horse-racing, prize-fighting, or cocking, the two last now happily exploded, which indeed may be said to be peculiarly British amusements.

"Making a book," or "betting round," is the plan pursued by what are called the "knowing ones" of the "betting ring," who are early in the field, and generally possess the best information from head quarters, of every circumstance relating to the favorites in betting races.

This method of betting has been thus described by the best sporting authorities. The really knowing man is one who "bets round," in other words, "makes a book" on the race. His system is to lay out a definite sum against all the horses in the betting, and the more the better. Should he be lucky to "get round," and at an average of 20 to 1 against twenty-five horses, he must win, and this is very frequently the case. To make it clear that the favorite is a bad horse for the knowing ones, we will suppose that a race is about to be run—that ten horses are in the betting, and that W. B. has made a £1000 book on the following terms. Specifying the horses by the first ten letters in the alphabet, he will stand thus at the commencement of the race:—

1000 to 500	(2 to 1)	against	A
1000 to 333	(about 3 to 1)	"	B
1000 to 250	(4 to 1)	"	C
1000 to 167	(about 6 to 1)	"	D
1000 to 125	(8 to 1)	"	E
1000 to 100	(10 to 1)	"	F
1000 to 83	(about 12 to 1)	"	G
1000 to 70	(about 14 to 1)	"	H
1000 to 50	(20 to 1)	"	I
1000 to 40	(25 to 1)	"	J

"Now it is obvious that the favorite, A, is the worst horse in the race for W. B.; and should it win, he clears, after paying £1000, only £218 (this sum is made by casting up the amounts won on the others—minus the £1000 he has paid), whereas, should the outsider J win, he nets £678, after paying the £1000 to the backers of the successful horse. Supposing that more than the ten ran, and that one of those not mentioned came in first, W. B. would then win every one of his bets (£1718)—the horses not mentioned being technically termed his 'field.'"

From this it will be seen that the correct system to be followed by the "book maker" consists in betting the odds against all the horses in the field, always taking care, however, that he does not bet a larger sum against any one horse that may win, than would be covered by the amount gained on the others which lose.

But the bettor, in making his book, does not always confine himself to merely "betting the odds;" for although he avoids backing a favorite, he does not refuse to take "long odds" against such horses as he fancies; and here his judgment, knowledge, and experience come into play. It will often happen that an outsider on which he has taken the odds at the rate, perhaps, of 25 to 1, say £1000 to £40, when it first came into the market, will at some period before the race rise to be quoted with only 4 to 1. This affords the bettor an opportunity of betting £250 to £1000 against it, in which position he risks nothing, but has a chance to win £750. This part of betting is technically called "hedging," and is thus described by "Nimrod":—

"Let us then suppose A beginning to make his Derby book at the commencement of the new year. B bets him (about the usual odds) 20 to 1 against an outsider, which A takes in hundreds, viz., 2000 to 100. The outsider improves; he comes out in the spring and wins a race, and the odds drop 10 to 1. A bets 1000 to 100 against him. He is now on velvet; he cannot lose, and may win 1000. In fact he has £1000 in hand to play with, which the alteration of the odds has given him. But mark! he is only playing with it; he may never pocket it, so he acts thus. The outsider (we will call him *Repealer*) comes out again, wins another race, and the odds are only 5 to 1 against him; A bets 500 to 100 more against him, and let us now see how he stands:—

If Repealer wins, A receives from B	- - -	£2000
He pays to C	- - - - -	£1000
Ditto to D	- - - - -	500
		<hr/> 1500
Balance in A's favor by Repealer's winning		£500
If Repealer loses, A receives from C	- - - -	£100
Ditto ditto from D	- - - -	100
		<hr/> £200
A pays B. 100—Deduct	- - - - -	100
		<hr/> £100

"*But is there no contingency here?* Yes, the colt might have died before A had hedged, and then he must have paid his £100; but, on the other hand, he would have been out of the field, which might have been worth all the money to him in his deeper speculations on other horses. Let us, however, suppose our colt to have remained at the original odds, viz. 20 to 1; in that case A must have betted 2000 to 100 against him, and then no harm would have arisen."

The betting-rooms of Tattersall's and at Newmarket are the principal betting marts; there are, however, appropriate rooms set apart for this purpose in many of the principal towns in England, such as Liverpool, York, Doncaster, &c.

Tattersall's, which may be called the "Stock Exchange" of betting, is situated on the right-hand side of Hyde Park Corner,

as you enter London from Knightsbridge, and is also the principal horse mart of the metropolis. The betting-room is an exceedingly small apartment, when the number of subscribers to it, which exceed 300, are taken into consideration. The subscription is one guinea annually.

This celebrated establishment was founded by Mr. Richard Tattersall, who died in February, 1795, leaving a considerable property, acquired by honest industry, and through his famous horse High-flyer. He also left an excellent business to his son, Mr. Edward Tattersall. This gentleman died in January, 1810, leaving the property and the business still further increased to his two sons, who are generally respected by the sporting world for their uniform good conduct.

At these, its head-quarters, the betting-ring holds its meetings twice a week, and on the "settling day" after the decision of any great race, it is astonishing to see the immense sums which change hands—often, it is supposed, to the extent of upwards of £100,000.

The most extensive operators in the betting market, in addition to those we have before mentioned, are Messrs. Theobald, J. Bland, Bond, Robinson of Manchester, Holliday, Justice, Greatrex, Wakefield, &c., all of whom are regular book-makers on the great races.

Besides these speculators, who may be said to "do the thing" on a large scale, there is a more numerous body consisting of gentlemen, farmers, and even tradesmen, who make a practice of always risking some money on the leading racing events of the year. The rear is brought up by the numerous adventurers who frequent what are called "sporting public houses," of which there are many in the metropolis, and, indeed, one or more in all the great towns, in which much betting for small amounts is constantly taking place.

Many of these hangers on of the betting-ring manage to make a living by the advantageous bets they will pick up in these houses, chiefly made with foolish tradespeople, ignorant of the subject they are risking their money on, or, perhaps, under the excitement of liquor. These adventurers, besides betting with each other, have generally some connexion with one of the "regulars in the ring," with whom they can lay off their bets, at the "current market price." The following is said to be the method by which some of these people (many of whom have seen better days), manage to get themselves into the betting-ring. Taking what money he can scrape together in his pockets, in Bank-notes, the would-be Turfite frequents Newmarket and other races, and makes himself acquainted with the persons and names of such of the betting men as he thinks may suit his purpose. This done, he commences his operation on a favorable occasion, by offering to make a bet with a person in the ring. As may be supposed, the person he addresses, knowing nothing of his man, declines his offer, although otherwise willing to take it, as "suing his book." Our aspirant is, however, prepared for this emergency, and immediately pulling out his bank-notes, addresses the other by his name, and hands him the cash to the amount he would lose should the event prove against him; tak-

ing care, at the same time, to put his card into his hand, while expressing his entire confidence in him.

Having made this bet, our beginner's next care is to *unmake* it; which he does by laying the same amount off with another person; and this he accordingly performs in the same manner; so that when the race is over, he receives from one and pays the other—as the case may be—without either losing or winning. His object being to gain credit for a considerable amount beyond what he possesses, he suffers nothing to tempt him to make a bet in earnest till his object is accomplished, but goes on making one acquaintance after another, in the manner we have described, until the happy period may arrive when, thinking him safe, cash is no longer required of him beforehand.

When our aspirant considers himself sufficiently established in the ring, he begins to “put the *pot on*,” which means make large bets; and this he may do with success; or, as too frequently happens, having made bets to the full extent of his credit, and infinitely beyond his means of payment, the event turning out against him obliges him to *levant*; that being the term for one who does not “show” on “settling day.”

It not unfrequently occurs that parties whose books show a profit on the settling day, have found themselves, to their great mortification, losers instead of gainers, owing to the defalcations of those with whom they have betted.

[From “Whyte's History of the English Turf.”]

SPORTING IN INDIA.

Journal and Rough Sketch of a few days' Sporting in the Morungs, in January, 1840, in the Purneah District.

ON the 4th G. B. and G. W. started from “Kissengunge” about 11½ A. M.; reached “Boonaee” about 3 o'clock P. M.; G. B. got everything ready for our excursion; had ten elephants in store. G. B. rather unwell—however, plucked up spirit, and soon got over it; retired to bed about 10 o'clock P. M., after having fared most sumptuously; got *khubber* of a tiger here within three miles of us, who had just killed a buffalo; sent off a *chuprassee* to get a true, full, and particular account of his whereabouts, so that no mistake might happen on the morrow.

5th.—Rose early with glee; had our coffee, and at the same time wondering how it was we had not heard at daylight of the tiger's night quarters: however, after having taken our breakfast, and got everything in order, and no *khubber* yet having arrived, thought something must be wrong, and found the peon had forgot his orders, and was anxiously waiting our arrival at the bright spot, *only three miles off*.

Started ; after having gone "*four coss*," we were told the tiger was another coss further on—on we went, not the least daunted, but with a civil growl from G. W. for the underrated distance. However, all trouble must cease sooner or later, and so did ours. As soon as we arrived at the spot—and a very likely one, too—in we went, after forming line, and a good beat was the order of the day ; however, it was no go, a blank was drawn.

We were then told if we only crossed the river a tiger was close by the village, and it was sure, and no mistake.

"Push on !" was C. G.'s cry.

"Go it like bricks !" says G. B.

"Never say die !" says W., "although we have seven coss to get to our tents, and no one knows the road ; shocking jungle the whole way, and now it's near evening."

"There he lies in that bit of jungle," says a villager—"I saw him with my own eyes, drinking water at the ghaut, about 8 or 9 A. M. this morning !"

"Push in, then," says one.

"Keep close !" says another.

"No ; don't you see the jungle shake ?" says a third.

"Oh ! oh ! oh !" says W. ; "really C. B., there is something stinging me most wofully."

"Ah ! ah ! ah !" says G. B., "now I hope you know what it is to be touched up with the '*peepsah* ;' it's nothing else, I can assure you, that you have felt."

"By the bye," says C. B., "do you see those rascals beating out of the line ; look at that beautiful spot of jungle they have passed ! Now it will not do ; go into that spot of jungle, and beat it up well, or else I will *spiflicate* you all."

Push—crush—push again—horrid heavy bire jungle—push—elephant piping—crush—push again—rush goes the elephant that had got into the middle of it.

"Cut your sticks !" says G. W. ; and in another moment the whole line was charged—such a rush, and so momentary was the charge. As soon as I was able to look around me, I perceived C. and G. B. had jumped out of their howdahs, at the risk of their necks, into the river, and their mahout quickly followed their example.

"Mark down that cock floriken that rose under my elephant,"—says W. (buz-whiz-buz-whiz) ; "give me your *chudder*, you scoundrel," says W. to his bearer that was behind him—buz-whiz-buz-whiz ! By the Jingo ! we are swarmed with bees, and what to do we know not, every one taking care of himself and God for us all ; let it suffice to say the elephant had put his foot into a bee-hive, and after a severe struggle to get rid of them, for they followed us for a coss off, we met in such a predicament, stung from head to foot, the C. B.'s like drowned rats, that no one can picture, and my poor pen cannot give it even a common outline.

Well, we blessed our stars that on the pad elephants were some dry clothes ; so to change went C. and G., while B. was under the lee of a straw heap near the village, with all the good folks laughing in their sleeves, and cracking their jokes at our misfortune.

As soon as we had got all to rights, we bent our course for the tents, leaving the tiger to enjoy its prey, and its comfortable morning drink. Arrived at our tents about nine P. M. most heartily tired, and found our servants only just arrived with our prog, and our cart left behind in the jungle. Managed to get all right; fed well, and drank to our better success on the morrow. Just as we had done so, heard *khubber* of four tigers having killed five bullocks, a tat, and numerous small prey, such as dogs, kids, &c. Determined to do our best if possible to-morrow, so got into bed about ten, with strict orders to the "parrahdars," if a tiger called, to let us know; but the night passed over without.

6th—Was a very dewy morning; got every thing in apple-pie order; took a comfortable breakfast; had our elephants howdahed, and about 9 A. M. began to make a move, first having taken the precaution to take the gents of the *khubber* fraternity upon one of our pad elephants, making them show us out the right spots. Formed line not a hundred yards from the tent.

"Beat!" was the cry.

"There is the *beparee's* horse," says one.

"Look here!" says G. B., "here is the murrey of a bullock!"

"Push on!" says W., "we'll fall in with them directly."

"Beat up that corner," says Charley.

"It's no good; there is nothing in this," was the unanimous cry at last.

"Never mind," says the folks of the *khubber* party; "if they are not here, they are *somewhere else*"—[pleasant, 'pon my soul,]—"push over the bank, and across a small plain, and you have them."

On we went, looking very knowingly at the fellows, and bearing in mind our yesterday's skye. However, got into splendid jungle; no sooner in, than out runs a ———; C. B. fires both barrels—misses—load away—what's this?—(all the jungle laid down; buffalo's horns and a part of the head)—ah! that's the sign of something; look out sharp; beat all this jungle right and left—blank!

"Well," says every one, "this is shocking work; what shall we do? By-the-bye, do you see that buffalo?"

"It's a wild one," says C. B., after him; "come along! push away, my hunters."

We tried to surround him, but he gave us the slip—did not even give him one dose of cold lead.

"Well, what's to be done, Mr. Khubberwallahs?"

"Push towards the village," was the answer, with due respect.

We all looked daggers at the fellows; but, poor chaps, they did not understand it. Never mind; made up our minds and on we went, pushing across dry nullahs, beating here and there, through heavy patches of jungle—at last came near a small dry nullah, not far from the village, and then began to talk politics.

"Fire, George! there is a tiger's *butcha*!"

"Where?"

"There goes another! fire George!" and "In it" was the answer.

Woo-woo-woo! on a straight line with W.'s elephant, and a tremendous rush.

"What's that?" inquired every one.

"A tiger!" says W.

No sooner said than the tiger was at the head of the nullah, but found he had to cross it to make his charge good—so turned back, and passed Charley. Bang! bang! woo-woo-woo-woo! another down upon W.; bang! off passed Charley again; bang! woo-woo-woo! again another down upon W.; bang! off again as before; bang! bang! woo-woo-woo-woo! By Jingo! another down upon W.; this is the fourth out of a small bit of jungle, not twenty yards square: look at the three tails on end, charging backwards and forwards! Do you see that male looking at you, G. B.? Fire Charley; there is one just behind your elephant on the charge. Bang! what's to be done; so many prancing about; all has got confused; in the banging and confusion they gave us the slip on the other side of the nullah. Never mind; let us push off after the one that has gone to the east of us. Well, anything you please, so off we set.

Two of the tigers were wounded, one by W. and the other by C. B. Follow up—hick—push—there he is! No, there goes the young one, Charley; fire! Can't see him; went east a good distance; found it was no go, and made up our minds to haste back for the others. On you go—line, line: now beat in good order, were the words. After going a short distance, bang! bang! from C. B., the last touched him. Bang! again just before him: my goodness! how he is cutting—bounding; indeed, why a horse could not run faster. Push; *chull* your mahouts; hick, you scoundrel; push on.

"Stop!" cried W. from behind, "let me get up."

"No stopping—push on—the tiger is just ahead."

C. and G. B. are about three hundred yards ahead—W. and a small elephant trying to make a short cut. Woo-woo-woo-woo! My God! the tiger has got hold of the mahout. No; he is on the *guddee* of the pad elephant, and the mahout is saved: look at the mahout, how he is hanging by the neck of the elephant! Push towards him; urge W.; call out your bearer and mahout—(the elephant is about 150 yards off.) "*Door, door, door salah!*" W. himself kicking up a most terrible noise, to take off his attention from the man; and, as luck would have it, so it did, for he left the *guddee*, and down he came, roaring at a most furious rate, upon W.'s elephant, and just as he was making his spring, W. planted two balls into him, one near the eye, and one on his back, which made him slink back into some heavy jungle. Up comes C. and G. B., who had been three or four hundred yards on before, wondering what all the roaring and firing was about, when W. said the tiger was killed, and was lying in that bit of jungle. Went to the spot; "Look well," says every one. "I do not see him," was the answer;—sure enough it was true he had gone off; we beat—beat all over the place, and no signs of a tiger. Beat towards home, it's getting late; nothing like it; quite enough for one day.

"A tiger!" says George.

Bang! push on, and on we went. I am sure he is lying in this

rumnah. Woo-woo-woo-woo! up he is on the pad, with his teeth fastened into it. Down he is again, woo-woo-woo! on the charge upon W.'s elephant. Bang! bang!—changed his mind—gone in front of the line, roaring at a tremendous rate, and cutting off. Bang! bang! bang! from Charley; down he comes again, charging upon the whole line. Bang! G. B. touched him, which made him change his mind again. Off we went again after him—this tiger was found killed two days afterwards near this spot. Well, my story of this day's sporting is near at an end: after beating over every bit of likely ground twice, he was nowhere; so we took ourselves home in earnest this time, and arrived a little before sunset at the tent, on the banks of the Machee river.

We found a part of a wild pig on our trip here; I forgot to relate that it had not been long killed. We have dined, drunk bumpers "to our better luck still," and now it's about time for me to wind up, as every one is wrapt in sweet repose, and nothing do I hear but chattering and snarling of jackals, and the elephants beating the *churrah* upon their poor unfortunate tired legs.

7th.—A fine *bracing* clear morning; had made up our mind to beat up yesterday's ground again to-day, but a fellow having arrived about 7 A. M., on horseback, from "Gopee Mundle's village," to inform us that a very large male tiger had taken up his quarters in a small "*kholah baree*" in the village, after it had been put to the vote, it was agreed to start off our elephants and howdahs to the spot, and follow upon a pad elephant after breakfast; which we did, and on arriving near the spot, we heard the tiger had just killed a man. Into the howdahs we went, and pushed for the spot. Thousands of natives from the surrounding villages assembled, some on tops of huts, others on trees—the poor women running with their children from the village—some natives coming with Monghyr guns minus flints! However, we started from the village, and after scrambling and pushing through a bamboo tope, we got near the desired spot, and a person on the top of a house said to C. B., who had pushed forward—

"There he is, *sahib*! don't you see him?"

No sooner said than the gun was at the shoulder—but withdrawn for a second, as the tiger was lying in an awkward position, W. close up, calling out—"What are you pointing at?" Bang! woo-woo-woo; bang! bang!—rush—and in a moment the tiger had charged against the end of a hut that was between us and him, and into the house he went. However, he soon found his mistake, and out he went again—(every pad elephant at this time had cut and run, the elephant G. B. was on leading the van—such a squeaking, piping, rushing—what with elephants and natives, it's quite impossible to describe)—the tiger—charging every thing that came in his way, rushing from one side to the other, and roaring all the time. At last round the corner of the hut he comes, and just as he was making his charge upon W.'s elephant, a flying shot from C. B. struck him near the foreshoulder, and made him feel as if he couldn't help it. W. gave him another. However, what with the roaring of the tiger—piping of elephants—crushing of huts by the

runaway elephants—squalling of people by one tumbling over the other—and no way for those that were not far from the tiger making their escape, as every body was calling out “The tiger is coming!” and all the avenues filled with villagers—our elephants did not know what to make of it, and got rather wild, and retreated a few yards: however, as soon as things were a little quiet again, and we had loaded, the howdah elephants pushed up to him, and we found he was still wickedly inclined, but we soon gave him his quietus. C. B.’s was the ball that did him.

It was a most pitiful sight to see the poor widowed wife—it was with some difficulty that the villagers could keep her from throwing herself on the tiger before we arrived. On alighting from our elephants we took a view of the corpse; he was lying (near the spot where C. B. first fired at the tiger) on his back, with his hands by his side, a small cane between his legs, which he had told the good folks of the village he, in *G—d’s* name, would drive the furious beast with, from his snug quarters. But let that pass; the tiger had seized him by the neck, and planting his grinders deeply into him, refreshed himself with sucking the poor man’s blood. He looked as though he were only dosing, and did not appear to have struggled in the least. One of our people that happened to be in the village, and saw the transaction, says the man went towards the tiger, shaking himself in some ridiculous way; the tiger rushed upon him, laid him down, and continued with his mouth to his throat, and shortly the fellow left the top of the hut he was on, through fear.

There is a legendary tale about this “Gopee Mohun Mundle,” that he used to live with tigers, and some other stuff; and most people that have been in this district, used to consider him a splendid old gent to point out the glorious game. He is now no more, and this poor deluded man thought he had come in the shape of a tiger, and if he could not drive him away, he would inquire about all his secrets since he had left them.

Well, after having satisfied our optics with this sight, we commenced getting the tiger on one of the pad elephants, which took a long time, owing to the concourse of people assembled, and now and then some wag would give out the old cry, “the tiger is coming!” and it made a perfect scene. After having got the tiger up four or five times in the *guddee*, the elephant would rise, and down it was amongst them again; but like all things, it must have an end; so off we toddled, firmly believing that this was the large male tiger out of the four we had fired at yesterday. Packed it off to the tent, and off we went, trying to turn out another tiger on our way, but it was no go. Beat through some splendid jungle; saw whole “hangahs” of peafowl, and a beautiful sight it was to see them flying about, and walking along so majestically near the rivulet. Bang! bang! from C. and G. B. at some hogdeer, was all that happened, when we bent our weary steps to the tent, after having beat up every likely place for a tiger, without the least success, and arrived just as the sun had set, well tired, as well as our poor elephants. Got our guns cleaned, everything ready for shift-

ing our tents on the morrow, dined well and heartily, drinking bumpers "to our better luck still," which is the standing toast; so good night, as I am going to bed.

8th.—We started off our elephants early for *Sheergunge*, and after breakfast got on a pad elephant ourselves, and reached the spot. Had *khubber* of two tigers that had killed a cart bullock and a calf near the said spot. Got into our howdahs; sent to the village and procured a guide; immediately pushed into the likely spots to the east of this. Came upon lots of murrey of cattle, and a poor unfortunate dog that had been killed this morning near one of the villages, and dragged into this jungle by a tiger, through a running nullah too. As soon as we had got partly through this said slip of jungle, the villagers, who were on trees around, called out that the tiger had escaped, and passed out before us. By-the-bye, in this bit of jungle, a planter of this district about two years ago had a rare bit of fun: he fired at a tiger, when the said tiger made no more to do, but sprung up, and got hold of the howdah, the elephant immediately getting down on his fore legs, (just as they receive their mahouts, when he requires to mount); out go the gents with their guns slap over the tiger; but the tiger was killed on the elephant, and the said gent felt no worse for his flying trip into the jungle. Well, to continue our story. Pushed fast on, but could not find him; drew every place likely, but without avail; saw lots of peafowl and some deer which we had a few shots at. Came home heartily tired of our day's work an hour before sunset; sent off scouts in all directions for *khubbers*, and hope to do something better to-morrow, or else we shall think this place has derived its name from anything else than the "abode of tigers."

9th.—Have not heard a tiger call all night; however, glorious news, a fellow just arrived, says a tiger is close to his hut. Every thing ready in quarter less no time; however, bad luck to it, one of our party, C. B., knocked down with fever, and not able to join us. Pushed for the spot; found traces of their tiger; beat in every direction, and the gentleman was not at home. Gave it up as a bad job. G. B. got a shot at a deer—killed a few peafowl out of spite—blessed the country for our good luck the last two days, and thus ended this villainous day's sporting; and to make it better we lost all our appetites: however, we did not forget our toast of "better luck still."

10th.—Music all night, so that we were only praying for the morning to break in upon us. Splendid *khubber* at daylight, and no mistake this time—a buffaloe killed not far from the tent. We were on the spot in a brace of shakes, and beating in all directions round the "murrey," and found lots of marks that three or four tigers had been there. However, were ordered by the old "Dhammer," a priest that accompanied us, to push for some heavy rum-nahs; came upon some ten or twelve wild buffaloes, with four or five young ones; C. and G. B. got upon pad elephants, and made a push for them. After doing all in their power to get up with them, and "*hiraning*" all the elephants by trying to surround them, they arrived back quite annoyed, and got once more into their how-

dahs; at last we took it into our heads to go towards the "morung jurs" in the forest borders. No sooner in than a deer was floored by C. B., but along a small nullah. Bang! by C. B.; a tiger had passed from the side we were on, and swam the nullah; pushed hard after him as he took the plain, but sorry to say did not make a find of it. Got home quite out of sorts, after having beat over a large tract of country from daylight till dusk. Such is tiger killing or hunting, and requires patience like fishing; and you must be satisfied with a sight, the same as you are with a glorious nibble. "Better luck still" is the order of the day.

11th.—Intended this morning to have made a start, and shift our tents to "Beemlear," but found upon inquiry that it would not answer, so thought it best to make the best of the place we were in, for the old rascally "Dharmee" swears he knows the haunts of at least seventy near and around this place. Well, as we are consulting, two fellows have just arrived, and say two or three tigers have just killed their buffaloes. Took our breakfast comfortably, and told the fellows to go and put a little salt on their tails, and keep them there till we had finished. However, as soon as our repast was over, on the spot we were, for it was but a short distance from the tent; formed line, and went at it this time with a good will. Beat up every place likely to contain a tiger from the Bhitan, where the buffaloes are kept, round the "murrey;" lots of the *gwallahs* in trees around, saying the tiger was somewhere near, for they had seen him not long ago. Returned: beat over the ground again; got a little past where the murrey was lying, when C. B. pushed into some very high "kurrie," and out rushed a deer as he thought; but as soon as it had got out of the heavy jungle, he found his mistake, and bang! bang!—a hit—bang! again—a slight run; G. B. banged—no good; he had got out of reach, and was going at score across the plain. W. could not get up in time, as he had been pushing for a ghaut on the other side. Pushed after the rascal—a fine male—as fast as the elephants would carry us, but lost sight. Commenced beating every likely spot, but could not get upon his track. Shot two deer here, W. and G. B. one each. Some other *gwallahs* brought us news here that a tiger had just killed a deer, and they had drawn him off his prey, and taken the *bedpost* from him. After a little talking between us, it was determined to leave off searching for the first tiger, and push for the said place. On we went, but poor C. B. was so shockingly knocked down with the fever at this stage of the day's sport, that he could not hold up his head any longer, and was obliged to leave the field, but felt quite annoyed that we wished to accompany him, and said if we did so, he would lay down in the village, and not go to the tent at all; so was obliged to let him have his own way, and go alone. But we felt quite low-spirited without him, as he is the huntsman of our small party. Drew the jungle about the said place that the deer had been killed in, but got upon no traces of a tiger; so G. B. and W. made up their minds to beat towards some good deer ground. G. B. took one side of a nullah and W. the other. After beating for some distance, W. got into some very high "kurrie" jungle.

"*Sahib ! Sahib !*" says a *chuprassee* that was on a pad elephant, "there is a tiger *asleep !*" pointing into some very heavy jungle.

"You don't say so," was the reply.

W. called out to G. B. to be upon his guard, and come over the nullah, and hem him in, and then pepper his jacket for him when he gets up.

"No good !" was the reply from G. B., "wake him up yourself, and I will astonish him if he should wish to cool his heels in the nullah, or even pass out before you."

The order was given for the *chuprassee* to move on, and then a severe rush—rush—and the tiger had doubled back between the legs of a pad elephant, and came out slap under the trunk of W.'s elephant. Click ! click !—miss fire—tiger got into the jungle ! out again—bang !—no good ; so much for Joe Manton's flint gun, the first time I ever had attempted to shoot with it, for mine are all percussion, and nothing like them, and this time I had borrowed it from C. B., as he was obliged to leave the field. Never did I feel so vexed, for I consider I lost a tremendous male tiger through it ; however, it's no good talking now. Pushed after him with all our might and main ; got into some tremendous jungle of kurrie. After beating about a bit, a bang from G. B. at a tiger—so he says, but found no traces of him afterwards. Got tired of beating in this quarter, so pushed towards our first "murrey" quarter, thinking if we did not fall in with the tiger again, we should see lots of deer. Formed a long line ; determined to fire at every thing that rose before us.

After going along beating for some distance, W. inquired—

"Where do you think those 'up-to-muff-tigers' have gone to ?"

"Rush, rush, rush ! three deer !" says all.

"Cannot see anything for the jungle," says I.

"Tigers !" says G. B., "and no mistake."

Bang, bang, bang ! from G. B., touched the female on the hind leg with the last ball ; a look and growl, and then disappeared into heavy tape jungle. Really, this was a sight worth seeing—a male and female tiger racing across a small patch of land, about three hundred yards, close together ; the male beating the female by a neck up to the "Bharree." The other tiger had passed off at another angle by doubling back. "Push on my hearties !" was the cry. Sent out a quick pad elephant to see what line they had taken. *Maur—hick—chull*—was the cry to the howdah mahouts, "and we will overtake them." At last got into the jungle ; saw the nuckah elephant mahout making signs they had passed into another "bharry" to the left of the plain ; into it we went, like lightning—bang ! from G. B.—a rush—down falls the *chuprassee* off the elephant, and far from the tiger : however the tiger cut his stick, without another word to say upon the subject. We are of opinion this was the old male tiger we turned out the first thing this morning, as soon as we got through the jungle ; we saw him putting his best foot forward across the country that had lately been beat after him in full cry ; kept him in sight till he entered some kurrie jungle ; got up to the indential spot at last ; found him ; beat it

to a corner, but could make nothing of it—he was “no where.” Toddled off to the place where we thought we should find the racing two, but they had given us the slip. Bang! bang! from G. B. and W. at a poor unfortunate deer; broke his hind leg, but he shot off, and got away. Arrived at the tent; found C. B. much better, only repenting he had not been with us, when he heard the news. We have made up our mind to beat over the same ground again to-morrow. Sheergunge is your only, and I am now thinking it does not disgrace its name, for we have seen lots, although our “hissmut” is *barra—barra khareb*.

12th.—Out we went this morning, on the usual pleasant *khubber*—a bullock had just been killed towards the north. Pushed for the spot; found the “murrey” half devoured, very pretty jungle; turned to and beat it up in beautiful style, but without luck—not a trace of a tiger. G. and C. B.—(you see we have our huntsman again with us pluck to the last)—had some shots at deer; killed one. Here the old “Dhammer” had a fall from the little elephant that had the tiger on his back—in our second day’s sporting—for as soon as she heard the deer rush, she fancied it was the tiger again, and shied round so quick, and cut and run, that on the ground he was in an instant, with his “Kookory,” or long knife, very near through his “grumble gut;” however, thank goodness! he only cut his hand, but would not go within hail of that elephant again; so put him upon another, and made up our minds, after drawing every place about the murrey, to start for our yesterday’s bright spot, so pushed along and kept moving, and after a time, arrived at our old “Bharee;” put in the elephants, drew it blank; then pushed for our first tiger place of yesterday, where the murrey of the buffalo was. Formed line, and just as we had done so, and made a move, a fine male tiger made a rush at C. B.’s end of the line. Click! click! miss fire of course, just as it had played me false yesterday; before he could get another shot, he was off at scores. G. B. got a shot; however, it only made him run faster; at last he took to a dry nullah, beat it up in close line, and after some time, out he came. Bang! bang! from C. B.—bang! from W.—bang! from C. B.—bang! again from W.: this ball struck him in the back, made him dance a bit, and off he went again, like a race-horse, and quite forgot his bounding propensities. Pushed after him as usual, and when we came up to the “nuckah elephants,” the mahouts said he had taken to a small jungle on the right, and that he was bleeding most profusely; beat up every hole and corner to our hearts’ content, but Mr. Tiger was not at home for us. Well, what’s to be done? Off to the “Bharees” again, and off we were in a twinkling. Into the *bharee* we went, drew it a blank—into the next, ditto—into the next, Bang! bang from C. B. and G. B. Bang!—a tiger! down the bank he went, and we after him. Pressed him close, and he crouched down into a narrow slip of jungle; but would have made his escape before we got up, if the nuckah elephants had not driven him back. It’s heavy “kurrie jungle here;” put all the pads in; and we stood ready for him when he came out, as he must pass us. After a bit

the pad elephants began a-piping, and they all came bundling out of the jungle.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked we.

"Why, *sahib*, the tiger is lingering *quite dead*."

Off we went to see if what they said was true, and as C. B. was trying to push his elephant into the said bush of kurrie,

"*Sahib! sahib!*" says the scoundrel, "the tiger is running away at the very corner we were standing at."

Well really, this tiger is Old Nick in tiger's clothing. Bang! from G. B.—bang bang! from W., at a very long distance; but he only slashed his tail about, as much as to say, "fire again." After him; never say die; we will have him yet. As we got on the bank, we see him some quarter mile off before us! Push along you "*warmints*," and at the same time, giving some appropriate names to the rascally pad mahouts, for deceiving us as to his death. Well, the further we went the further he appeared from us; however, he can't run for ever, that's clear, and after some time, came up to the spot he had entered. Drew the place with a close line backward and forward, up and down; found traces of blood; however could not find him, so determined again to push for our first spot, where the murrey is, although it's getting quite evening! As soon as we arrived at the place, we formed a good line, and began beating through our never-failing spot. W.'s mahout said, "There is a tiger lying at the end of the rumnah, fire *sahib!*" Bang! as quick as lightning by W.: the tiger tried to get up for a charge, shewing his beautiful grinning countenance to perfection, but another ball from W. gave him his quantum. Got him upon a pad elephant, and then tried to come upon the rascal that had given us the slip, but at last gave it up as a bad job. Well, this ends our few days' sporting, and to-morrow we bend our way from whence we came, wishing you, Mr. Editor, and all sportsmen, better luck in the killing way in this glorious game, when you come upon so many tigers as we have.

By the bye, as I am about it, perhaps a bit of news would be acceptable to you, of a zemindar near by me, who is a splendid old sportsman that has just been out for the last twenty days, beating over nearly the same ground we left. They have bagged three tigers, and a *mahout*. The fact of the matter is this:—as they were beating through a large "*rumnah*," a tiger rose, and was cutting off, when they sent him a messenger in the shape of a ball, which tapped him on the back, and held on to his neck. Not fancying such treatment he made no more to do, but turned out, and was on them in an instant, pitching into the head of a poor unfortunate pad elephant, with his legs nearly round the mahout. Well, says they, "*Wah! wah!—mahout geah!*" and made no more to do, but began peppering at the tiger, while they shot likewise the mahout, to *save his life*: however, their story is—the tiger killed him!

A respectable native, not far from where we were a-shooting, heard of a tiger having taken up his quarters in a "*poojah hut*," close to a village. He immediately collected a few elephants, and

went at him, determined of course to blow his head off. When he almost got near enough to knock at the "poojah house" door—(i. e. if it had any)—the tiger, instead of enquiring his business, was upon his elephant before he knew whether the gentleman was at home or not. Down goes elephant, with master and mahout, kissing the dust. "*Babree bap!*" was their only, leaving the poor elephant to take care of himself, they gave leg-bail like all the rest: as for the tiger, he was determined this elephant should not annoy him again, for he cut it up in a most frightful way that the poor thing breathed its last the same evening. Some friends of mine went after this tiger a few days after, but it seems he knew his customers, and fought shy. These said gents have just returned home from "the glorious fun" after a few days' sporting, with only a "female tiger," which when opened, was found to contain four young ones.

Yours obediently,

TIM.

DISEASES OF DOGS.—No. III.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

ALTHOUGH naturally one of the most hardy and healthy animals with which we are acquainted, the dog, far from being benefited by his association with mankind, has only inherited the numerous train of diseases and ills which civilization brings upon us. Almost all dogs which are kept as parlor pets, pampered and highly fed, become subject to dropsy, epilepsy, rheumatism, and most of the other maladies which flesh is heir to; but as these are to be treated in the same manner both in the human and the brute patient, we shall only proceed to notice those which are peculiar to the canines.

Mange is a chronic inflammation of the skin dependant on the morbid constitutional action; it is also produced by miasmus from animal exhalation, is notoriously contagious from personal communication with one affected, and both the fox and the wolf are subject to it, as well as the dog. It is not, however, so completely contagious in all its varieties, as is supposed; for we have known dogs to sleep with affected ones for some time without becoming mangy, but in the majority of cases it is otherwise, and in some the predisposition to it is such that almost momentary contact will produce it. The mange which is produced by contagion is more readily given to another than that which is generated by hereditary descent or constitutional aptitude. Mange is undoubtedly hereditary; the progeny of a mangy dog is either directly mangy or eventually becomes so; the mangy bitch never breeds a perfectly clean progeny. Of all the causes which beget mange—and they are not few—the acrid effluvium from their own secretions is the most common, particularly when generated by numbers confined

within a limited space. Close confinement of any dog will commonly produce it, and most certainly so if he be at the same time fed on salt provisions; thus there are but few dogs on board ships who do not contract it, unless allowed full liberty on deck. Food, too nutritive in quality, or given in too great a quantity, is productive of mange; and on the contrary, food being withheld, or given of a very poor description, is equally liable to produce it. In both these apparent contrarieties, the balance between the digestive organs and the pores of the skin are not properly preserved, and disease follows as a necessary consequence. This affection presents some permanent varieties, but the itching is common to all, and proves the most obstinate evil of any, by forcing the sufferer to injurious irritation.

Of the different forms of mange we may enumerate, as most prevalent, the common scabby kind, and that known by the name of red mange; the swelling and ulceration which sometimes attacks the substance round one or other of the claws is a mangy affection, and yields to the general treatment of the disease.

Whatever similarity may exist between this complaint and the human itch in some respects, a very great difference is observable in the obstinacy of the one and the ease with which the other may be cured. Medical practitioners on the human subject consider itch as local, but veterinarians, to their vexation, will find mange constitutional in the dog; and too often also very deeply rooted. Like the human itch, however, it is most judiciously treated by remedies which excite absorption; and sulphur, the grand panacea of the one, is also the general application for the other; but as mange exhibits greater varieties, and is altogether more difficult of cure, it is seldom that we can trust to this alone; the following recipes, however, will generally prove sufficient:—

No. 1.

Sulphur (powdered) yellow or black	4 ounces.
Muriate of ammonia (powdered)	½ “
Aloes (powdered)	1 drachm.
Venice turpentine	½ ounce.
Lard or any fat matter	6 ounces.

No. 2.

Sulphate of zinc	1 drachm.
Tobacco in powder	½ ounce.
Sulphur in powder	4 ounces.
Aloes in ditto	2 drachms.
Soft soap	6 ounces.

No. 3.

Lime water	4 ounces.
Decoction of Stavesacre	2 “
Ditto of white hellebore	2 “
Corrosive sublimate	5 grains.

The corrosive sublimate must be dissolved in the decoctions, which should be of moderate strength; when this is done, add two drachms of aloes to render the mixture nauseous, and prevent the dog from licking it off, which ought to be very carefully guarded against.

The best means for this purpose is a muzzle—which may be procured at any gun-maker's—having a very fine wire crossing, or mouth-piece, effectually preventing the dog from getting his tongue to the ointment, which would prove his almost certain destruction. When, therefore, the application contains mercury, tobacco, hellebore, or other active poison, do not depend wholly on the bitter of the aloes as a preventive, but apply an effective muzzle.

For the cure of red mange, to either of the recipes—Nos. 1 or 2—add an ounce of strong mercurial ointment, and with this let the dog be well rubbed, but at the same time let him be carefully watched, that salivation may not come on. Should this, however, unexpectedly occur, suspend the use of the ointment until it disappears, when the treatment should be resumed and persisted in until all appearances of disease vanish. Canker of the ear is somewhat of the nature of mange, and is often brought on by the same causes, such as a superabundant formation of blood, and a consequent accumulation of flesh, by which, the secretions not being wholly spent in support of the body, the superfluity seeks some other outlet.

Internal canker has also another predisposing cause, which is a frequent access of water to the cavity of the ears; thus poodles, water spaniels, and Newfoundland dogs, are particularly liable to it. The length of hair round the head of these dogs, by heating and retaining moisture within their ears, encourages a flow of humours, as they are termed, to them. That taking the water has this tendency is proved by the fact that water-dogs are more liable to it than any others, although they may be in full exercise, and neither over fed or too fat, and that their peculiar liability to it arises from this cause, is further proved by the cessation of the discharge in many cases when they are prevented from having access to the water.

In the treatment of internal canker of the ear, our first attention should be directed to the habits of body of the dog; whenever he is very fat, or has been confined in a close situation, these circumstances must be immediately rectified. Abstinence and purgations will reduce the fat, and a cooler situation and plenty of exercise should be allowed also. For very bad cases a seton may be inserted in the neck, and kept there until the benefit derived from it, in conjunction with alterations, has effected a cure. Occasional bleeding is also beneficial.

As external applications first use a wash of sugar of lead—half a drachm dissolved in four ounces of rose water; a small teaspoonful, previously warmed to a blood heat, should be introduced night and morning, rubbing the root of the ear at the same time to promote the entrance of the wash into the cavities. In more obstinate cases it is better to add fifteen or twenty grains of white vitriol to the wash; a very weak solution of corrosive sublimate will frequently succeed.

External canker consists of an ulcer situated at the lower end of the flap of one or both ears, which, from its intolerable itching, is kept in a perpetual state of irritation from the shaking of the dog's head.

Smooth coated dogs are in general affected with this outer cancer—pointers and hounds are peculiarly subject to it. For the cure use an unguent made with equal parts of ointment of nitrate of quicksilver and calamine cerate, which should be applied once a day, carefully confining the ear (from the injury caused by shaking the head) by a kind of cap. In some cases strong astringent lotions are useful, as alum dissolved in a decoction of oak bark; when, however, the disease proves very obstinate, excision must be resorted to, taking care that the whole, not only of the ulcerated part, but also of the tumefied edges, are included in the operation. Should this fail, round the ear deeply; and if it is wished to preserve uniformity, the other also.

THE DONCASTER MEETING.

They made themselves a fearful monument !
 The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,
 Breath'd from the birth of time: the veil they rent,
 And what behind it lay all earth shall view.
 But good with ill they also overthrew.
 Leaving but ruins wherewith to rebuild,
 Upon the same foundation.—BYRON.

It is now some nineteen years past and gone since we made our debut or maiden visit to the then and long afterwards far-famed and celebrated Doncaster Races; but in all our annual visits never did we witness such a falling off, such a declension of every portion of its celebrity—save the quantity of blood stock for sale, of which, thank the gods! there was no deficiency, and far more sellers than buyers. If we look to the quality as well as quantity of sport, where was its wonted measure? and Echo answers, Where! Its gay assemblages, its magnificent equipages, the bouquets of England's Beauties' daughters that adorned the balustrade of the magnificent Stand, and enriched in gorgeous display the animated scene—even the healthy yeomen, and the rustic ruddy cheeked lassies of the peasantry—all seemed to have departed, and the town, excepting on the St. Leger and Cup days, was as quiet and retired as if we had paid a visit to some little unostentatious Country Meeting, with only the temptation of a Maiden Plate and a few small *etceteras* to make up a show: but

“The surest sign is in the end,
 When things are at the worst they sometimes mend:”

and such seems to be the aspect of affairs at Doncaster at present. At the worst they have undoubtedly arrived, and had not something been undertaken, perfect annihilation to its future prosperity seemed inevitable. Doncaster, although the most *puffing*, if not the most *puffed up town* in England, was forced to confess its low estate; nevertheless, its journals, as usual, tried to put on *all steam*, by the hackneyed announcement that lodgings were rapidly engaged, that

the Leger would prove a terrific event, and that the Meeting would undoubtedly equal, if not surpass, all former displays; but these annual "fly-catchers" and polishes have become so regular that they are regarded like old-fashioned remnants—they *don't take at all*—and the sequel shewed the announcements "*all flam.*" This state of affairs being so bad, a physician became indispensable to repair the Doncaster constitution, and a most able one was found in the person of Lord George Bentinck, who, assisted by several consulting professionals, prescribed *so strong a dose*, to eradicate the lethargic disease of the Doncastrians, that they made some wry faces and demurs ere they could be induced to gulph the bolus. Take the dose, however, they must, being told point blank that life or death hung pendent on the issue; and therefore, the prescription was dispensed and taken, for which they have in future to place in the hands of His Lordship and a Committee the sum of *One Thousand Pounds* annually, to be by them applied as they may deem most fitting to restore the Doncaster Sports to a more healthy condition. The medicine has already operated favorably—a *Great Yorkshire Handicap*, with a tail of subscribers longer than Dan O'Connell's, of which so much has been said, being appended to it; and other *novelties* (as the Managers have it) being in preparation, under the patronage of the two newly-elected Stewards for 1842, the Duke of Cleveland and Lord Chesterfield, and the Race Committee. Lord George is certainly "the Napoleon of the Turf." For many very excellent and judicious arrangements and improvements in the management and conduct of the sport, the British Turf is indebted to his ingenuity and assiduous attention, as well as to his personal exertions, which we have also little doubt will be productive of the best results at Doncaster for the future. If the sport was bad, the betting, we may add, was still worse: never did we behold such an apathy of business on the St. Leger. Coronation having won the Derby so easy, and being an *unbeaten horse*, no one seemed to doubt but he must be a much better nag than a *Gustavus*, a *Mameluke*, a *Priam*, a *Plenipotentiary*, or a *Bloomsbury*, all winners of the Derby, but each got a *pill* over the little hill at Doncaster for the Leger. Still no one dreamed of any thing but victory for Coronation!—the thing must come off this time!!! But, after all, it dropped through with 2 to 1 *on* him, and then cry the bettors, "we shall never have such a chance again!" The great Southern Star, however, did not make his appearance at Doncaster until the morning of the race, and was kept snug in all the mazes of mystery; but the *reality* of defeat followed, and then it was mooted *he had not galloped since the preceding Friday*, which was the cause of his being overcome! It may be fairly asked, "Why was it so? why did not the horse go, like the rest of his competitors, to the town, and undergo the usual routine of preliminary exercise?" Surely his respected owner did not think that his horse would be less safe at Doncaster, among Yorkshiremen, than he was in the South among the natives of sweet Surrey!

Changes, it would appear, like Kitty of Coleraine's misfortunes.

"seldom come single, 'tis plain;"

and however great the changes about to take place with regard to the Doncaster Meeting, and the arrangement of its sports, the week elicited another change, which certainly has diffused amazement among all to whom it was communicated. We allude to the removal of the Marquis of Westminster's horses, *on very little notice*, from the superintendence and training skill of Mr. John Scott, to the care of Mr. John Osborne, who has been engaged as private trainer to the Marquis, and is to have the stud at Delamere Forest. We believe the cause to be the wish of the Noble Lord to have his horses placed nearer to his abode, where he can have every opportunity of indulging his predilection and pleasure in visiting and seeing his stud, for which Delamere Forest will afford every opportunity, being within ten or a dozen miles of Eaton Hall, the Marquis's residence. That the Marquis, in making this change to indulge his pleasure, has done no more than any one else who wishes to gratify himself would have done, no one will deny; but we feel sure the determination has been carried out with some degree of regret upon the Noble Marquis's feelings; for if we look to his Turf career ere Scott took possession of Touchstone after running for the Liverpool St. Leger, and his brilliant victories achieved since—comprising *two Legers, one Oaks, twice second for the Derby*, and the numerous Gold Cups and great Stakes which have been gathered to Eaton Hall—we feel sure that the severing of a link and connection which has shed such honor and renown, as well as reaped such advantages to his stud, would be an act attended with no slight painful emotions.

If we had little and somewhat uninteresting sport, we had one redeeming quality—most splendid weather; indeed, a more delightful week never dawned from heaven.—I now proceed *seriatim* to notice the worst week's sport it was ever my lot to record at Doncaster.

Monday, Sept. 13—The Fitzwilliam Stakes, shade of by-gone days, when great Fields and great speculations on it as the first opening piece commenced the ball, this year only had two nominations, and produced *no race*, although there was a 30 sovs. gift to it. And this blank was followed by a walk over by Queen Bee for the Four-year-old Produce Stake, two miles. So much for the first two events.

The only event worthy of notice for the day followed in the race for

The CHAMPAGNE STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for two year old colts 8st. 7lb. fillies 8st. 5lb; the winner to give six dozen of Champagne to the Racing Club; Red House in; twenty-six subs.

Col. Anson's b. c. <i>Attila</i> , by Colwick—Progress by Langan	W. Scott.....	1
Mr. Ramsay's ch. c. Cabrera, by Tomboy—Dirmid's dam	J. Holmes.....	2
Col. Cradock's b. f. Sally, by Sheet Anchor, out of Fanny	S. Templeman ..	3
Mr. Brooke's br. f. Idolatry, by Muley Moloch, out of Lunatic	J. Marson	0
Mr. Jacques' b. c. Playfellow, by Tomboy, out of Galena	P. Conelly.....	0
Mr. Powlett's b. f. by Bay Middleton—Miss Fanny by Walton	Nat.....	0

Time, 1:09.

The prices of the lot, which out of the six comprised five winners, were as follows:—5 to 2 agst. *Attila*, 4 to 1 agst. *Idolatry*, 5 to 1 agst. *Playfellow*, 6 to 1 agst. *Cabrera*. On the lot going to the start, they made a false go, but soon got together again and

tolerably well off, when Attila came away with the lead, and so far finished the matter that any account of the others can only be superfluous; for he appeared to have his race and his stakes all his own way every yard of the road. Of course the others bunched and kicked to get to him, but it was all in vain, for he went in an easy winner (never having been headed) by half a neck, we should say *very easy*, evidently to the mortification of some scoundrel, who threw his hat at the winner when he was going in. The rascal ought to go bareheaded for the rest of his life!

HANDICAP of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 30 added by the Corporation: two miles; 5 subs.
 Mr. Thornhill's b. c. E. O., by Emilius, 3 yrs. 7st. 2lb. Pettit. 1
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Muley Moloch, dam by Actæon, 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb. Foster 2
 Mr. Bell's b. m. La Sage Femme, 5 yrs. 8st. 2lb. Heseltine 3
 Mr. Doncaster's b. c. Fitz-gambol, 3 yrs. 6st. 3lb. Bradburn. 4
 Time, 3:53.

Even on the old mare, 2 to 1 agst. E. O., and 5 to 2 agst. the Muley Moloch colt. La Sage made all the running, which told so upon Fitz-gambol that all *his gambols were tamed* before he reached the hill. La Sage Femme, on gaining the gravel road near the Intack Farm, exhibited the same sensation; when the two young ones went on by themselves, and made a most splendid race, E. O. at the finish gaining the decree of a length.

MATCH for 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; 8st. 5lb. each; St. Leger Course.
 Col. Cradock's br. c. *Gallipot*, by Physician, dam by Whisker, 4 yrs. S. Templeman 1
 Lord Kelburne's ch. c. Pathfinder, by Retainer—Emilia by Abjer, 4 yrs. P. Connelly 2
 Time, 3:40.

No contest "at all, at all," for Gallipot found *the path* home much *the fastest*, was never *found* by his competitor, and nearly walked in, with the odds 3 to 1 on him.

Her Majesty's 100 gs., four miles, failed to gain an opposition to the title for *Royal shiners*, and in consequence Sampson walked over and received the rowdy. And thus ended the first chapter.

Tuesday, Sept. 14.—Only two out of seven subscribers appeared for—

THE FOUR-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added by the corporation, for colts 8st. 7lb. fillies 8st. 2lb.; maiden horses allowed 5lb., and the winner of the St. Leger to carry 3lb. extra; mile and a half; seven subs.
 Col. Cradock's b. c. *Gallipot*, by Physician J. Marson. 1
 Mr. Meiklam's b. c. Broadwath S. Templeman 2
 Time, 2:48.

Broadwath was backed at 6 to 4 and 2 to 1 *on* him, from a whisper that the Gallipot was not altogether *sound*; but when Broadwath had tried all his efforts to make the Gallipot's cracks tell in his favor, and led up to the Stand, *the ointment* which Gallipot administered to Broadwath proved a *salver* to him, for he (Broadwath) was defeated *in a canter*.

A HANDICAP of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 70 added by the innkeepers of Doncaster; the second to save his stake; St. Leger Course; thirteen subs.
 Mr. Heseltine's b. m. *The Shadow*, by The Saddler, 5 yrs. 8st. 12lb. Heseltine. 1
 Sir C. Monck's b. m. Garland, 6 yrs. 8st. T. Lye. 2
 Lord Chesterfield's ch. h. All-fours, 5 yrs. 7st. 6lb. Flatman. 3
 Mr. Heywood's gr. c. Mr. Whippy, 3 yrs. 6st. 10lb. Bumby 0
 Mr. Allen's b. c. Phaon, 3 yrs. 6st. 6lb. John Gray 0
 Mr. Mann's b. f. Miss Le Gros, 4 yrs. 6st. 10lb. G. Francis 0
 Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. f. The Mountain Sylph, by Belshazzar, 4 yrs. 7st 9lb. Wakefield. 0
 Mr. Kirby's ch. c. Kingston Robin, 4 yrs. 8st. 2lb. J. Marson. 0
 Time, 3:24.

5 to 2 agst. Shadow, the same agst. All Fours, 5 to 1 each agst. Garland and Mountain Sylph, and 6 to 1 agst. Robin. Soon after

starting, Garland took the lead, and made play, Shadow and Kingston Robin keeping her close company to about a distance from home, when Shadow plucked the Garland's fairest flowers, passed her, and won very easily by about a length.

And now all attention was directed to the Town-field to see "t' Leger nags" shew forth, and run for that Stake upon which less speculation and less interest were manifested than any St. Leger run for many years. Eleven came to the post, precisely the same number as last year.

THE GREAT ST. LEGER STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. fl., for 3 yr. old colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes; St. Leger Course; 135 subs.

Lord Westminster's b. c. <i>Satirist</i> , by Pantaloon, out of Sarcasm.....	W. Scott.....	1
Mr. Rawlinson's b. c. <i>Coronation</i> , by Sir Hercules, out of Ruby.....	J. Day.....	2
Mr. Bell's b. c. <i>The Squire</i> , by The Saddler, dam by Minos.....	Heseltine.....	0
Col. Cradock's b. c. <i>Pagan</i> , by Muley Moloch, out of Fanny.....	S. Templeman.....	0
Mr. S. King's b. c. <i>Cattonian</i> , by Muley Moloch, out of Jubilee.....	J. Holmes.....	0
Col. Craufurd's b. f. <i>Ermengarde's</i> , by Langar, out of Ermine.....	J. Cartwright.....	0
Lord Westminster's b. c. <i>Van Amburgh</i> , by Pantaloon, out of Decoy.....	Nat.....	0
Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. <i>Eringo</i> , brother to Mango, by Emilius.....	P. Connelly.....	0
Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. <i>Jack Sheppard</i> , by Voltaire, dam by Whisker.....	J. Marson.....	0
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. <i>Quilt Arnold</i> , by Langar, dam by Blacklock.....	T. Lye.....	0
Mr. Vansittart's b. c. <i>Galaor</i> , by Muley Moloch, out of Darioietta.....	Wakefield.....	0

Time, 3:21.

The betting at this moment was 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Coronation, 11 to 2 agst. Satirist, 7 to 1 agst. Van Amburgh, 16 to 1 agst. The Squire, 18 to 1 agst. Eringo, and 50 to 1 agst. Galaor. The lot mustered at the post, and through the fractious disposition of Cattonian, made a false start, in which he, Van Amburgh, and The Squire, ran about half way to the Gravel Road, but with no very material injury. On essaying the second attempt, they all got off well together, Cattonian taking the lead, Van Amburgh, Satirist, and Coronation, lying next to him, and the others well up, Galaor driving up the rear. Thus they went until near the first cross road, when Coronation went out and took the lead at a moderate, certainly not a first-rate pace, Van Amburgh, Satirist, and Cattonian, lying next to him, The Squire and Galaor being in the rear. Coronation, now leading about a length and a half, ascended the hill, the others in precisely the same position as above described, excepting that here Jack Sheppard and Quilt Arnold were the two last in the race. On descending the hill and approaching the T.Y.C. starting post, The Squire very nearly came down on his nose, by which he lost a few lengths of ground in his race. On passing the T.Y.C. start to run the far side up to the Red House, Scott, not being satisfied with the running which Van Amburgh was forcing upon Coronation, went up and took the second place from the Lion Tamer, and closely accompanied Coronation, who still preserved the lead. In this way they came round the Red House corner, where The Squire went up and took third place; and here Cattonian and Eringo cried "held, enough!" Indeed, from this point of the race it may be fairly said, that, excepting the "crack," Satirist, and The Squire, no other horse had ought to do with the contest. Having all got *quantum suff.*, the pace now became first-rate, the three running nearly together to within the white rails, where The Squire's endeavors to get hold of the *estates* proved *futile*, the other two going a shade too fast for him. At the distance, Satirist went up to Co-

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 Time, 3:40.

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Col. Cradock's b. c. Pagan, by Muley Moloch, out of Fanny	S. Templeman	0
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Col. Craufurd's b. f. Ermengardis, by Langar, out of Ermine	J. Cartwright.....	0
Lord Westminster's b. c. Van Amburgh, by Pantaloon, out of Decoy	Nat.....	0
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The betting at this moment was 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Coronation, 11 to 2 agst. Satirist, 7 to 1 agst. Van Amburgh, 16 to 1 agst. The Squire, 18 to 1 agst. Eringo, and 50 to 1 agst. Galaor. The lot mustered at the post, and through the fractious disposition of Cattonian, made a false start, in which he, Van Amburgh, and The Squire, ran about half way to the Gravel Road, but with no very material injury. On essaying the second attempt, they all got off well together, Cattonian taking the lead, Van Amburgh, Satirist, and Coronation, lying next to him, and the others well up, Galaor driving up the rear. Thus they went until near the first cross road, when Coronation went out and took the lead at a moderate, certainly not a first-rate pace, Van Amburgh, Satirist, and Cattonian, lying next to him, The Squire and Galaor being in the rear. Coronation, now leading about a length and a half, ascended the hill, the others in precisely the same position as above described, excepting that here Jack Sheppard and Quilt Arnold were the two last in the race. On descending the hill and approaching the T.Y.C. starting post, The Squire very nearly came down on his nose, by which he lost a few lengths of ground in his race. On passing the T.Y.C. start to run the far side up to the Red House, Scott, not being satisfied with the running which Van Amburgh was forcing upon Coronation, went up and took the second place from the Lion Tamer, and closely accompanied Coronation, who still preserved the lead. In this way they came round the Red House corner, where The Squire went up and took third place; and here Cattonian and Eringo cried "held, enough!" Indeed, from this point of the race it may be fairly said, that, excepting the "crack," Satirist, and The Squire, no other horse had ought to do with the contest. Having all got *quantum suff.*, the pace now became first-rate, the three running nearly together to within the white rails, where The Squire's endeavors to get hold of the *estates* proved *futile*, the other two going a shade too fast for him. At the distance, Satirist went up to Co-

ronation (who, when called upon, appeared dead in Day's hands), at the Stand headed him, and won a beautiful contest by about a neck, The Squire being third, and beat about two lengths: Pagan was fourth, Van Amburgh fifth, Ermengardis sixth, and Jack Sheppard seventh. Thus, out of three great events of the year, the Noble Marquis of Westminster has wrested to himself two of them, viz., the Derby and the Oaks, while his equally fortunate jockey has now *outshone* all ancient or modern contemporaries, having won the St. Leger at Doncaster eight times in twenty years, the last four consecutively.

The victory of the St. Leger will add a few more flowers to the chaplet of Pantaloon's fame, who, with a very limited number of mares, has now produced stock which are capable and do *win* more of the great Stakes than the progeny of some of our most fashionable stallions. Satirist is the first foal of his dam, Sarcasm by Teniers, which she foaled when five years old, and is one refutation to many imbibed ideas, that a first foal is never a good one. Those who think so may give them away (to me if they like); but for my part, if I had no other dislike to them, I should take some persuasion ere we parted company on that score.

THE TWO YEAR OLD PRODUCE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., colts 8st. 6lb., fillies 8st. 3lb.; Red House in; five subs.

Lord Westminster's b. c. <i>Auckland</i> , by Touchstone, out of Maid of Honor.....	Nat.....	1
Mr. Garforth's gr. f. by The Saddler—Don John's dam.....	J. Marson	2
Time. 1:16.		

Three and 4 to 1 on Auckland, who suffered the filly to have the lead to near home, when he passed her, and won in a canter. Auckland is, I believe, the first winner of Touchstone's get: he is a very good like nag, and worth posting the pony upon for the Derby, for which he will no doubt come into high favor.

THE CLEVELAND STAKES of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., but 5 only &c., with 50 added by the corporation; one mile; 16 subs., two of whom declared.

Mr. Meiklam's b. c. <i>Broadwath</i> , by Liverpool, 4 yrs. 7st. 10lb.....	J. Cartwright	1
Lord Eglinton's b. c. Dr. Caius, 4 yrs. 8st. 8lb.....	T. Lye	2
Mr. Watson's b. c. Milksop, 4 yrs. 7st. 4lb.....	Nat	3
Time, 1:43.		

Six to 4 on Dr. Caius, and 4 to 1 agst. Milksop, who made running to the Red House corner, where all his efforts to play a prominent part failed. The other two then challenged, made a pretty race home, and Broadwath at the end won cleverly.

Wednesday, Sept. 15.—This was what the Nimrods would call a *blank day*, and not worth the walk to the course to witness, for it only elicited *one race*, the Plate being what may be termed "all my eye and Betty Martin." To begin: Van Amburgh walked over for the Foal Stakes; this pretty and agreeable proceeding was followed by Bee's-wing playing suit for the Doncaster Stakes; and then came the only race of the day—

THE SELLING STAKES of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added by the corporation; three year olds 6st. 12lb, four 8st, five 8st. 7lb, six and aged 8st. 10lb; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c; St. Leger Course; nine subs.

Mr. Edison's ch. g. <i>The Recorder</i> , by Langar, out of Laura, 5 yrs.....	W. Scott	1
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. Oxtan, by Muley Moloch—Trampina, 3 yrs.....	T. Lye	2
Sir R. Bulkeley's b. c. Spring-heel'd Jack, by Physician, dam by Caccia Piatti, 4 yrs.....	S. Darling	3
Mr. Harrison's b. f. Oak Branch, by Mulatto, out of Beatrice, 4 yrs.....	W. Oates	0
Mr. Wilkins' ch. g. Clem-o'-the-Cleugh, by Corinthian—Rachel, 5 yrs.....	G. Noble	0
Mr. Osbaldeston's gr. c. Currycomb, by The Saddler, out of Fickle, 4 yrs.....	P. Connelly	0
Mr. Heywood's gr. c. Mr. Whippy, 3 yrs.....	Bumby	0
Time, 3:24.		

Six to 4 agst. Recorder, 3 to 1 agst. Jack, and 11 to 2 agst. Cur-rycomb. The Recorder throughout the race made running, and won cleverly by nearly a length, and was claimed.

Shadow then took the *substance* of the Corporation Plate, value 60 sovs., at two heats in a canter, *paying*, we suspect, the Currycomb for being *attendant gentleman*, with a *certain salary*, and the *perquisites* of the entrance money.

Thursday, Sept. 16.—This being what is called the "Cup Day," though no Cup this year was exhibited for the rustics to gaze upon, the town presented a little improvement in the number of visitors, but still it was but the shadow of olden times. The *fête* was opened with

The GASCOIGNE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, 20 ft., for three year old colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.; the winner of the St. Leger 5lb. extra; Leger Course; seven subs.

Lord Westminster's b. c. <i>Van Amburgh</i> , by Pantaloon	W. Scott..	1
Mr. Bell's b. c. Thirsk, by Voltaire, dam by Whisker	Heseltine ..	2
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Middleham, by Muley Moloch	J. Day.....	3

Time, 3:24.

Six and 7 to 4 on Van Amburgh, who won as he liked.

The TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 20 sovs. each; for colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.; T.Y.C.; thirty subs.

Col. Anson's b. c. <i>Attila</i> , by Colwick, out of Progress	W. Scott	1
Col. Cradock's b. f. Sally, by Sheet Anchor, out of Fanny	S. Templeman ..	2
Mr. Osbaldeston's b. c. Skipton, by Stockport, dam by Swiss	P. Conelly	3
Mr. S. King's br. c. Cattonian, by Muley Moloch, out of Jubilee	S. Darling	0
Col. Craufurd's br. f. by Langar, out of Mermaid	J. Day	0
Mr. Allen's b. c. Belcœur, by Belshazzar, out of Violante	J. Matson	0
Duke of Cleveland's b. c. Foxberry, by Voltaire, out of Matilda	T. Lye	0
Sir C. Monck's b. c. Brother to Garland, by Langar, dam by Whisker	W. Oates	0
Mr. Orde's b. f. Bee's wax, by Liverpool, out of Bee's-wing's dam	J. Cartwright ..	0
Mr. Powllett's b. f. by Bay Middleton, out of Miss Fanny	J. Holmes	0

Five to 4 on the winner of the *Champagne* getting first into port; 4 to 1 agst. Skipton, 5 to 1 agst. Foxberry, and 6 to 1 agst. Belcœur. After one false start, they went off at the second attempt, but a worse start we never witnessed, for the whole lot were straggling far and wide from each other. When, however, they did get set a-going, Attila rushed to the front, came away with the lead, cut all the lot down, and won in a common canter by two lengths. Indeed he won so easy 'tis matter of little consequence how the rest arrived at home. Attila is a very good like animal, and will no doubt be much fancied for the Derby from his easy victories here; but still be it remembered, *public running* makes the fields behind him BAD—a proof that the most expensive Stakes do not always bring the best of horses together.

The THREE-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 200 sovs. each, h. ft.; colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.; Leger Course; seven subs.

Mr. Thornhill's ch. c. <i>Eringo</i> , brother to Mango	P. Conelly ..	1
Lord Kelburne's b. c. by Muley Moloch, dam by Actæon	T. Lye	2
Maj. Yarburgh's b. c. Heslington, by Voltaire	W. Scott..	3

Time, 3:35.

Five to 4 on Eringo (whose Leger running was wretched)—he won easy.

A CUP, or specie, of 150 sovs. given by the corporation, with 50 added by the Stewards; three year olds 7st., four 8st. 3lb., five 8st. 10lb., six and aged 9st; three and four year old fillies and geldings allowed 3lb; maiden three year olds having started twice allowed 3lb, four and upwards 6lb; the winner of the then St. Leger 5lb. extra; to start at the Red House, and run once round, about two miles and five furlongs.

Mr. Orde's b. m. <i>Bee's-wing</i> , by Dr. Syntax, dam by Ardrossan, aged	J. Cartwright ..	1
Mr. Heseltine's b. m. The Shadow, 5 yrs	Heseltine	2

Time, 6:05.

Shadow, it would appear, is a very convenient animal to run for

give-and-takes; if she gave yesterday to Currycomb, she could take to-day from Bee's-wing, and therefore, on the understanding of receiving a handsome *douceur* for starting, she shewed against t'auld mare Bee's-wing for the Cup. *In course two started, two ran, and two came in*, but as to a race it was *all moonshine*—5 to 1 on Bee's-wing, but betting all nominal. Who would bet about such a thing with an arrangement!

Friday, Sept. 17.—Now come we to the last chapter of our history—the first thing being one of those little addendas carrying no interest, but got up to make a show.

A HANDICAP of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added by the town of Doncaster; one mile and a half; five subs.

Sir C. Monck's b. m. <i>Garland</i> , by Langar, 6 yrs. 8st	T. Lye	1
Mr. Haworth's br. c. <i>Hull Bank</i> , 3 yrs. 6st. 3lb	Foster	2
Mr. Gascoigne's ch. c. <i>Quilt Arnold</i> , 3 yrs. 6st 10lb	Bumby	3
Mr. Bell's b. m. <i>La Sage Femme</i> , 5 yrs. 8st. 3lb	Heseltine	4
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. <i>Oxton</i> , 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb	T. Benson	5

Time, 2:48.

Five to 4 agst. the winner, with little or no betting. Won cleverly.

THE SCARBOROUGH STAKES of 30 sovs. each, 10 ft; for three year old colts 8st. 7lb, fillies 8st. 4lb; the winner of the St. Leger 5lb. extra; one mile; seventeen subs.

Mr. Bell's gr. c. <i>The Squire</i> , by the Saddler	R. Heseltine	1
Col. Cradock's b. c. <i>Pagan</i>	S. Templeman	2
Sir W. Milner's ch. c. <i>Osberton</i>	Nat.	3

Time, 1:44.

Five to 2 on *The Squire*, who won with uncommon ease, and whose *abilities* would recommend him to Majesty as a fit subject for *Knighthood*.

THE PARK-HILL STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., 3 yr. old fillies 8st. 7lb.; the second to receive 100 sovs. out of the Stakes; St. Leger Course; 24 subs.

Mr. Powlett's br. f. by Muley Moloch, out of Mystery	T. Lye	1
Lord Westminster's br. f. <i>Lampoon</i>	N. Flatman	2
Col. Craufurd's br. f. <i>Ermengardis</i>	S. Templeman	3
Mr. Brooke's ch. f. <i>Moonbeam</i>	J. Marson	4

Time, 3:27.

The Mystery filly's performance in the Oaks made her first favorite at even, and 2 to 1 agst. *Lampoon*. The favorite, however, made short work of it, by getting and keeping the lead from the first to the last, where she won cleverly by half a neck. She is a fine looking mare.

THE HORNBY CASTLE STAKES of 20 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Corporation; 3 yrs. 7st. 6lb., four 8st. 7lb., five 9st. 2lb., six and aged 9st. 6lb.; 3 and 4 year old fillies allowed 3lb; beaten horses of the race week allowed 3lb; the winner of the then St. Leger to have carried 5lb. extra; two miles; four subs.

Mr. Orde's b. m. <i>Bee's wing</i> , by Dr. Syntax, ag. d.	Cartwright	1
Duke of Cleveland's b. h. <i>Sampson</i> , 5 yrs	T. Lye	2

Time, 3:50.

Won very easy by Bee's-wing, with 2 to 1 on her.

THE TOWN PLATE of £100 for 3 yr. olds 7st. 5lb., four 8st. 7lb., five 9st., six and aged 9st. 3lb; mares and geldings allowed 3lb; maiden horses at starting 3lb; the second to receive 33gs; two mile heats.

Mr. Heseltine's b. m. <i>The Shadow</i> , by the Saddler, 4 yrs	Heseltine	1	1
Sir C. Monck's b. m. <i>Garland</i> , 6 yrs	T. Lye	0	2
Mr. Eddison's ch. g. <i>The Recorder</i> , 5 yrs	Flatman	2	3
Mr. Allen's b. c. <i>Phaon</i> , 3 yrs	W. Marson	0	4

Time, 4:52—3:49.

Five and 6 to 1 on *Shadow*, who is a very *substantial* mare for her owner's pocket.

And thus closed the worst Doncaster display witnessed for some years, and upon whose ruins it is to be hoped a superstructure of very considerable interest and importance will before another year be reared, at witnessing which no one will more rejoice than, yours, &c.,

ALFRED HIGHFLYER.

[London (Old) Sporting Magazine for Oct., 1841.]

WOODCOCK FIRE HUNTING IN LOUISIANA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM OWEN THE BEE HUNTER."

[We should scarcely think it necessary to write a line by way of preface to the excellent description of Woodcock Shooting by Torchlight, which we give below, had we not heard that several persons had unhesitatingly declared their opinion that it was all a *humbug*. We for our own parts do not think that our correspondent's article requires anything from us in support of its veracity, but as an argument which may have some weight with others, we would beg them to turn to Wilson's description of the *Sora* or Rail, in which he mentions the fact of their being killed by negroes at night, who go out in batteaux with lighted torches, and knock them down with long poles. AUDUBON, too, (*vide* his article on *Woodcock*, vol. iii. p. 475, octavo edition,) confirms in direct terms the statement of our correspondent :—

"In Lower Louisiana, they (Woodcock) are slaughtered under night by men carrying lighted torches, which so surprise the poor things that they stand gazing on the light until knocked dead with a pole or cane."

See also Audubon's description of killing the *Sora* in Virginia and on the banks of the Delaware.

THE face of a country, and the climate, give the character to hunting. Sports which abound in India are unknown to the Americans, or Europeans; even localities might be marked out, where particular game frequent, and of course the sport connected with hunting this particular game is confined to the locality where it resides. The Sportsman of America must go to England for the Pheasant, while the British Sportsman must come to America for the Wild Turkey, and Buffalo. The reader therefore will not be surprised if he finds here recorded a new species of sport, which we designate, for want of a better name, as Woodcock (*scolopax minor*) Fire Hunting, which we find pursued in a particular section of the United States, a sport *entirely local* in its character, and confined to a small space of country. The reasons for which, we will endeavor to analyze, while we attempt a description.

Woodcock fire hunting, is almost entirely confined to a narrow strip of country running from the mouth of the Mississippi, up the river about three hundred miles. This narrow strip of country is the rich and thickly settled land, that borders on the river, and varies from one to three miles in width; it is in fact nothing but the *ridge*, or high ground, that separates the Mississippi from the interminable swamps that compose most of the state of Louisiana, bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. The habits of the Woodcock make it entirely a nocturnal bird; it retires into these swamps that border on its feeding grounds through the day, and is there perfectly safe from interruption, hid among the tangled vines, canebrakes, and boggy land, it consults its pleasure with safety, finds convenient places for its nests, and raises its young, with the assurance of being undisturbed. As a matter of course, it increases rapidly, until these solitudes become alive with their simple murmuring note, and when evening sets in they fill the high land, which we have described, in numbers that can scarcely be imagined by any one

except an eye witness. Another cause probably of their being so numerous in this section of the country, may be owing to their migratory habits, as the bird is seen as far north as the river St. Lawrence in summer, and we presume these very birds return for their winter residence to Louisiana, in the very months when "fire hunting" takes place, which is the latter part of December, January, and the first of February. Yet a resident in the vicinity, or among the haunts of these birds, may live a life through, and make *day hunting* a business, and be unconscious that woodcock inhabits his path; so much is this the case, that I do not know of the birds ever being hunted in the common and universal way in the places where fire hunting them is practised. This novel sport we presume originated among the descendants of the French, who originally settled on the whole tract of country bordering on the Mississippi, as high up as it favors this kind of sport. Here it is that "Beccasse" forms a common dish when in season, in which the wealthy, and the poor indulge as a luxury, too common to be a variety, and too fine not to be always welcome. With these preliminaries, let us prepare for the sport.

Provide yourself with a double-barrelled fowling-piece, of small bore; let your powder be first-rate, and have something the size of a small thimble to measure out your load of *mustard shot*. Let your powder be in a small flask, but keep your shot loose on the right-side pocket of your shooting jacket, with your measure—and, astonished sportsman! leave thy noble brace of dogs shut up in their kennels, for we would hunt Woodcock, incredible as it may seem, without them. In the place of the dogs, we will put a stout negro, who understands his business, burdened with what resembles an old fashioned warmingpan, the bottom *punched* with holes, instead of the top; in this pan are small splinters of pine knot, and we denominate this the torch. Then put on this broad-brimmed palmetto hat, so that it will shade your eyes, and keep them from alarming the birds. Now follow me down into any of the old fields, that lie between the river and the swamp, while the ladies can stand upon spacious galleries, that surround the house, and tell by the quick report of our guns, our success, and the streaming light from "the torch" will to them, from the distance, look like an *ignis fatuus*, dancing the cachuca in the old field. It is in the middle of January, the night is a favorable one, the weather rather warm, the thermometer, say "temperate," and the fog rolls off of the cold water in the river like steam; an old "fire hunter" says "this is just the night."

Whiz—whiz—hallo! what's here? Sambo strike a light, and hoist it over your head. Now friend, place yourself behind the torch on the right side, while I will do the same on the left, both of us in the rear, to court the shade. Now, torch-bearer, lead on. Whiz, bang—whiz, bang—two woodcock in a minute. Bang, bang—Heavens, this is murder! Don't load too heavy, let your charges be *mere squibs*, and murder away, the sport is fairly up. The birds show plainly from three to ten paces all around us, and you can generally catch them on the ground, but as they rise from

the glare of the light in a sort of flickering motion, slowly and perpendicularly, you can bring them down before they start off, like an arrow, in the surrounding darkness. Thank the stars, they do not fly many paces before they again alight, so you can follow the same bird, or birds, until every one is destroyed. Bang, bang—how exciting—don't the birds look beautiful, as they stream up into the light; the slight reddish tinge of their head and breast shining for an instant in the glare of the torch like fire. Ha! see that stream of gold, bang—and we have a meadow lark, the bright yellow of its breast being more beautiful than the dull colors of the woodcock. And I see, friend, you have bagged a quail or two. Well, such things occasionally happen. Two hours' sport, and killed between us nearly thirty birds. With old hunters, the average is always more, and a whole night's labor, if it is a good one, is often rewarded with a round hundred.

Practice, and experience, as a matter of course, has much to do with success in this sport, but less than in any other, for we have known tyros, on one or two occasions, to do very well with clubs; the birds being so thick, that some could be brought down even in this way, in their confusion to get out of the glare of the torch. This fact, and the quantity of birds killed, attest to the extraordinary numbers that inhabit this particular section of country. Let the birds, however, be less numerous than we have described—and they are on some days more plentiful than on others—and a good shot, in the ordinary way of hunting the bird, has only to overcome the astonishment, and we will add, *horror*, at the mode in which he sees his favorite game killed, to be a perfect master of woodcock fire-hunting under all circumstances. It is common with some who are fond of sport, and have some sentiment about them, never to fire until the bird rises, and then to bring down a bird with each barrel. This requires quick shooting, as the torch only sheds an *available* light in a circle of about twenty yards in diameter. Parties are frequently made up, who hunt a given number of hours, and the destruction of the bird on these occasions is almost beyond belief. These parties afford rare sport, and it is often kept up all night. When this is the case, this nocturnal excitement is followed by heavy sleep, and the sportsman not unfrequently sleeps to so late an hour in the day, that he has only time to rise, sip a strong cup of coffee, and leisurely dress for dinner, when it is announced as ready, and woodcock, plentiful to wasting, is smoking on the table before him. That such a dinner is a brilliant repast, both for sense and soul, the dullest intellect can imagine, for woodcock and wit are synonymous. As the dinner has been served, and the popping of champagne that follows it, is already heard, we will leave our sportsmen, and the reader, (if this article has paid him for the perusal) to dream of *Woodcock Fire Hunting*. T. B. T.

Louisiana, April 12, 1841.

Notes of the Month.

NOVEMBER.

A CHALLENGE.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE DISTINGUISHED RACE-NAG FASHION.

In the four mile race recently run over the Camden and Philadelphia Course, Boston was distanced by John Blount and Fashion in the first heat—Blount winning the heat in 7:42. The second heat was won by Fashion in 7:48—Blount breaking down.

We, the undersigned, now propose to run Boston against Fashion, a match, Four mile heats, over the Union Course, Long Island, agreeably to the rules of said Course, in Spring, 1842, or any day during the month of May, for \$20,000 a side—one half or one fourth forfeit, as may be most agreeable to the friends of Fashion. The forfeit to be deposited (in New York money, in any bank of the city), and the day of the race to be named, when the match shall be closed. The challenge shall remain open during the month of November.

New York, Astor House, Nov. 5, 1841.

WM. R. JOHNSON,
JAMES LONG.

The spirited and liberal challenge above, demonstrates conclusively that Boston's owners still have the most implicit confidence in him, notwithstanding his defeat at Camden. Since that race we have conversed with twenty gentlemen who witnessed it, and they entertain but one opinion as to Boston's performance on that occasion. He not only would not run, but he was so much amiss that he could not; he was 2:10 in running the 1st mile. Arthur Taylor, his trainer, strenuously desired his owners not to start him, and Mr. Long, instead of backing him at \$1000 to \$300, *nineteen times over*, as usual, did not lay out a dollar on him.

P.S. Nov. 16. This challenge will be *officially* accepted, probably, in our next number.—*Editor T. R.*

BOSTON AGAINST ANY TWO HORSES IN THE WORLD!

[On the 8th of October, Boston walked over for the Jockey Club Purse, Four mile heats, at Alexandria, D. C., Mount Vernon Course. Mr. Long, with characteristic liberality, gave \$300 out of the purse to be run for, at the same distance, by the other horses in attendance, and at the Club Dinner on the same day, made the following challenge, which was not accepted:—]

"I will run my horse *Boston*, Four Mile Heats, against any two horses in the World, for TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS each heat. That is, I will run Boston one heat against one of the two horses that may be matched against him, while the other remains in his stable; and run the second heat against the fresh horse. Should there be broken heats, the choice of the two horses must start against Boston for the deciding heat. To secure the Match, I will run it over any course in the United States the opposite party may designate, and I will also bet them FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS MORE that Boston wins the Match in two heats."

THE FALL CAMPAIGN.

The Sporting Intelligence of the past month is of more interest and importance than was ever published during a campaign! More expectations have been disappointed, more money has been won and lost, and more astounding circumstances have transpired, than within any three months within our knowledge!

Boston, the favorite at 5 to 1 vs. the field, has been distanced at Camden, by *Fashion*, an untried filly, in 7:42—7:48! Within a few weeks his owner offered to match him against any two horses in the world for \$45,000!

Wagner, the favorite *vs.* a field of four, has been distanced, at Louisville, by *Blacknose*, in 7:56—7:52—8:02.

Gano, another "crack," who challenged Boston to run a match for \$10,000 last season, has also been distanced at Madison, Ga.

Creath, a son of *Imp. Tranby*, and with a single exception the only one of his get that ever won a three mile race, has beaten *Tom Watson*, the brother to *Sarah Bladen*, and a good field, at Louisville, in 5:57—5:43, over a heavy course!

In two great matches, Kentucky *vs.* Tennessee, in one of which the latter was the favorite at 5 to 1, Kentucky won both, *Blacknose* beating *Elizabeth Smith*, and *Zenith* beating *Thornhill*.

John Blount one of the most promising horses in Virginia, and *Clarion*, equally popular at the North, have both given way, and now leave the Turf.

At Baltimore, *Mariner* won the 1st heat from, and lost the 2d "by a scant neck only" to, the hitherto invincible Boston! On the previous day with 100 to 35 offered on him, *John Blount* was beaten by *Fashion*, half sister to *Mariner*.

Lady Suffolk, at the head of the Trotting Turf, who has challenged the world without an acceptance, after trotting two heats of five miles in waggons, in the unparalleled time of 13:58—13:58½, was in this very race beaten by *Americus*, a comparatively unknown horse.

It has been our painful duty to announce, too, the death of two of the most distinguished gentlemen who have figured on the American Turf, Mr. VAN RANTZ, the owner of *Eclipse* and *Potomac*, and Gen. IRVINE, the owner of *Mingo* and others.

In the first meeting in the West, between the get of the imported stallions *Leviathan* and *Priam*, the former won easily!

The unexpected performances of *Jim Bell*, *Wellington*, *Ten Broeck*, *Duanna*, and others, and the astounding result of the great Post Stake at Columbia, Tenn., are all important and interesting.

The performances of the get of *Trustee*, the non-acceptance of *Priam* of the challenge of *Sarpedon*, and the defeat of *Thornhill*, one of *Glencoe's* best sons, is calculated to give *Trustee* a standing not only over *Priam* himself, but over any other imported stallion in the Union, with the single exception of *Leviathan*. The defeat of *Boston*, however, is the most important sporting event that has taken place for years. That of *Wagner* and *Gano*, of *Jim Bell* and *John Blount*, of *Thornhill* and *Tom Watson*, is commonplace, in comparison. His *invincibility* is gone for ever. His defeat will be hailed by proprietors of race courses with undissembled joy; no more will *he* be allowed to walk over. But what is of far more importance is the fact that his being beaten by a Northern horse will give a new impulse to the sports of the Turf, both at the North and in the Old Dominion. New Clubs will be organized here, new breeders and turfmen will spring up among us, old ones will be encouraged, and the happiest results will be effected.

And yet, in regarding the brilliant career of the gallant *Boston*—the hero of many a hard-fought and glorious field—we cannot but sympathize with his spirited owners upon his defeat, in his *eighth year*, after so long a succession of never fading victories. Mr. LONG and Col. JOHNSON have frequently displayed the utmost liberality and courtesy to proprietors of courses and the racing community, by declining to enter *Boston* for purses which he could have handily won, and the former has uniformly backed his horse with a degree of spirit that gave his rivals ample opportunity to win back the sums lost in previous contests, whenever they should beat the "Old Whitenose." The horse was not more remarkable for his characteristics than his owner; one was worthy of the other, and truly it may be said, "Sure such a pair were never seen." While we shout, then, at the top of our voice, "*Hurrah for the Bonnets o' Blue*," we cannot but cordially sympathize with the owners of the gallant *Boston*.

BALIE PEYTON'S STUD.

HON. BALIE PEYTON of New Orleans, has added to his stud three superb brood mares, of the very highest character. The first is *Cora*, the own sister to the renowned *Medoc*, which has been presented to him by JOHN C. STEVENS, Esq., of this city. Mr. P. in company with Col. P. M. BUTLER, of South Carolina, have purchased of Col. JOHNSON and Capt. D. H. BRANCH of Petersburg, Va., the renowned *Trifle*, and the hardly less celebrated *Atalanta*. The latter has been bred to

Boston, we believe, this season, and Trifle to Eclipse. Atalanta was at one time in the same stable with Boston, Argyle, Lady Clifden, Mary Blount, and o her "cracks;" she beat nearly every prominent horse of her day, and it was Col. Johnson's opinion that she was the only horse in the country that could possibly compete with Boston. Trifle's reputation on the Turf is second to that of no horse ever bred in this country. Cora, from an injury, left the turf in her 3 yr. old form, but was considered "a flyer."

NASHVILLE DERBY AND ST. LEGER.

From a Correspondent.

The Nashville St. Leger and Derby have filled with upwards of 30 subscribers to each, and we have a hope of closing with near a hundred.

If these Stakes can be rendered permanent, they will go far to give stability to our racing institutions, steady and lasting value to the blood stock, and as a consequence, its improvement, until all necessity for foreign crosses shall cease. This cannot be the case, until the various States of the Union shall, by the improvement of their stock, afford a sufficient variety of crosses of thorough-bred racers to prevent degeneracy.

Time, science, means, united with zeal and untiring industry, can alone produce this desirable state of things. Until then, we must rely only on importations, to a great extent, for our stallions. The few native stallions that combine purity of blood with form and racing powers, to justify the expense of training their stock, are not numerous enough to answer the demand. I deny the degeneracy of American horses, but admit there has not been generally sufficient attention paid to *thorough breeding*. That fault is being remedied, and we may expect the happiest results. D.

CAPT. STOCKTON'S STUD.

The followir g is the draft from this stud sent to Ohio. They are in charge of a relative of Gen. Cook, of Hightstown, N. J., and are to be bred on shares:—Imp. Langford, Miss Mattie, Caroline, Kate Nickleby, Bianca, Imp. Diana, and a b. f. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Miss Mattie. Capt. S. retains the following:—

Mercer, Imp. b. h., by Emilius, out of Rat-trap's dam, 5 yrs.

Morven, Imp. ch. h., by Rowton, out of Glaucus' dam, 5 yrs.

Nannie, b. f. by Imp. Trustee, out of Miss Mattie, 4 yrs.

Three Langford foals out of Miss Mattie, Caroline, and Diana

An own sister to Nannie, yearling.

A Mercer colt, out of Miss Mattie.

This last colt is matched vs. W. LIVINGSTON'S colt by Imp. Trustee, out of Miss Walton, the dam of Goliah, Zela, and others. Capt. S. has "used the knife" this season most freely, and can turn out several superb thorough-bred teams of carriage horses.

MATCHES.

A match for \$5000, h. ft., Mile heats, was made on Wednesday evening, 29th Sept., to come off over the Newmarket Course at the Spring meeting of 1842, between the following:

Mr. Long names Col. Wm. R. Johnson's gr. f. by Mingo—Trifle's dam by Cicero, 2 yrs.

Mr. Hare names Col. Ed. Townes' b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of Catherine Davis' dam by

Sir Archy, 2 yrs.

A match was to have been run at Selma, Ala., over the Central Course, on the 9th instant, for \$1000 a side, between the geldings of Messrs. P. Hardin and J. L. Patten. Will the Secretary send us a report?

Match vs. the Time of Eclipse.—Within the two last years more than one attempt has been made to get up a match on the Union Course, Long Island, against the time of Eclipse—7:37—7:49—8:24. As Southern gentlemen affect to regard the match of Eclipse and Henry as "no great affair, after all," we hope some one may be induced to accept such a match, which has been offered here a thousand times. If Boston, or any other horse, can beat the time of Eclipse, he can carry off \$50,000 from this city alone!

SALES OF STOCK.

L. S. PRITCHARTT, Esq., has sold to Major THOS. DOSWELL one half of *Sarah Washington*, for \$1000—Maj. D. to pay all training and other expenses.

Phil Brown, 4 yrs. old, by *Glaucus*, out of *Imp. Bustle*, and *Camden*, by *Shark*, out of *Imp. Invalid*, 5 yrs. old, have been sold to *LEWIS LOVELL*, Esq., of *Augusta, Ga.*,—the former for \$2100, the latter for \$1000.

B. SMITH, Esq., of *Dallas county, Ala.*, has sold to *Judge J. S. HUNTER*, of *Hayneville, Ala.*, his ch. m. *Mango*, by *Taurus* (English), out of *Imp. Pickle* by *Emilius*. Price \$3,000.

Mr. LEEFE, one of our agents, now in *England*, has purchased, among other stock, the following, for *JOHN L. LEWIS*, Esq., of *New Orleans*:—

Bay mare, foaled in 1831, bred by *Lord Scarborough*; By *Catton*, out of *Melrose* by *Pilgarlick*—*Whisker*—*Orville*, etc., in foal to *Voltaire*.

Brown mare *Orphan*, foaled in 1832, bred by *Sir Thomas Stanley*; By *Belzoni*, out of the dam of *Imp. Leviathan* by *Windle*; in foal to *Dick*. (*Dick* by *Comus*, out of *Imp. Margrave's dam*.)

SIDNEY BURBRIDGE, Esq., of *Franklin County, Ky.*, has purchased *Anne Innis*, by *Eclipse*, out of *Mary Morris's dam*, 3 yrs., of *JOHN F. HARRIS*, Esq.—price, \$1200 cash.

Dr. THOS. PAYNE, of *Hicksford, Va.*, has purchased from *EDMUND TOWNES*, Esq., of *Lynessville, N. C.*, his colt *Wellington* (the winner of the stake at *Richmond*, beating *Glenara*, *Duane*, &c.), for \$4000.

RACE COURSES AND JOCKEY CLUBS.

A new Course has been recently established at *Fayetteville, N. C.* *Col. EDWARD CONNER* has been elected President of the Jockey Club, and the first meeting will commence the first week in November.

WM. MERSHON, Esq., the Proprietor of the *Mount Vernon Course*, at *Alexandria, D. C.*, writes us that, finding his location a bad one, he has determined, notwithstanding an expenditure upon it of nearly \$10,000, to remove his fixtures to a beautiful level site, directly between *Alexandria* and *Washington City*, on the *Virginia* side of the *Potomac*. The stakes, etc., for next Spring will be duly announced in a few weeks.

OBITUARY.

It is our painful duty to announce the death of *Gen. CALLENDER IRVINE* of *Philadelphia*—long and honorably distinguished in the service of the *United States*, as *Commissary General of Purchase*, but better known to our readers by his connection with the *Turf*. *Gen. Irvine* was one of the most extensive *Breeders of Blood Stock* at the North; we recently had occasion to record names for some fifteen or twenty of his young things, which will give the reader an idea of the extent of his breeding establishment. *Gen. Irvine* bred and raced *Mingo*, perhaps the most famous of the get of *Eclipse* upon the *Turf*; *Mingo's dam*, *Bay Bet*, still belongs to the stud. *Busiris* and *Azalia* were likewise bred by him; but there is no need that we should multiply instances, to recal his connection with the *Turf*. *Gen. Irvine* was an enthusiastic admirer of the horse, a warm patron of racing, and at the period of his decease the President of the *Camden* and *Philadelphia Jockey Club*, and of the *State Society of Cincinnati*.

Death of JOHN C. BEASLEY, Esq.—By a letter from *Louisiana*, we are first apprised of the demise, at the *Blue Sulphur Springs, Va.*, in July last, of the well known turfman and breeder whose name heads this paragraph. *Mr. B.* was a gentleman of great practical knowledge and experience on all matters connected with horses, and for many years was favorably known as a leading man on the *Southern Turf*.

CORNELIUS W. VAN RANTZ, Esq., so long known to the sporting world as the owner of *American Eclipse*, *Potomac*, and other celebrated horses, died at his residence in *Broadway*, in this city, on Thursday, the 30th September. We trust in our next to be able to lay before our readers a detailed notice of him by an intimate acquaintance of the deceased.

A SENTIMENT.

The following sentiment was enclosed to the President of the *Alexandria Jockey Club*, in a letter from *Gen. JOHN MASON*, of *Clermont, Fairfax County, Va.*, in answer to an invitation to become a guest of the Club during the races. *Gen. Mason* is seventy-four years of age, and in declining the cordial invitation of his

friends enclosed the annexed sentiment, which was given at the Club dinner on the Four-mile day, and was drank, like the health of the gallant veteran who penned it, in flowing bumpers, and "with all the honors :"—

"*The Horse*—Of the animal creation the greatest conquest of Man :—before the toilsome plough, in the galling harness, under the chafing saddle, on the speed-trying turf, in the bloody battle-field, docile, sagacious, enduring, spirited and fleet—his powerful and efficient auxiliary, alike in the quiet shades of Peace or in the stirring clangor of War."

CENTREVILLE (L. I.) TROTTING COURSE.

The following is a report of the great match for \$5,500, between *Lady Suffolk* and *Americus*, which came off over the above course on Thursday, Oct. 21st. The odds were 100 to 30 on the horse, who won both heats. Record :—

THURSDAY, Oct. 21, 1841—Match, for \$5500, each carrying 145lbs. Five mile heats, in wagons.

George Spicer's b. g. *Americus* Geo. Spicer... 1 1
David Bryan's gr. m. *Lady Suffolk* Bryan..... 2 2

First Heat.			Second Heat.		
Time of 1st mile	2:54½		Time of 1st mile	2:51	
" " 2d "	2:50½		" " 2d "	2:50	
" " 3d "	2:46		" " 3d "	2:46	
" " 4th "	2:42½		" " 4th "	2:47	
" " 5th "	2:44½		" " 5th "	2:44½	

Time of 1st heat..... 13:58 | Time of 2d heat..... 13:58½

Wagner.—A letter, dated Louisville, the 19th instant, informs us that *Wagner* is taken out of training, and goes into the breeding stud. He will stand next season at Gallatin, Tenn., at the stable of Maj. WYLLIE, our correspondent states.

Clarion.—We regret to hear a current rumor that this fine horse has been withdrawn from the Turf, in consequence of an injury in his shoulder. He was, beyond doubt, one of the best horses bred at the North, uniting thorough game to a remarkable turn of speed.

Trustee.—This fine imported stallion of Mr. WALTER LIVINGSTON'S, will return to Long Island next season, if not previously disposed of in Virginia. Next to *Leviathan* and *Priam*, he is second probably to no imported horse in the country; his colts are fine from all sorts of mares, and four of his get, the oldest of which are but four years old, have been winners at the First Fall Meeting on the Union Course.

Job.—This hard bottomed son of *Eclipse* has started for Kentucky, and will probably make his first season there next year.

B. G. HARRIS, Esq., of Leonardtown, Md., has lost a very fine 3 yr. old filly by *Imp. Priam* out of *Mary Key*, the dam of *Reliance*. Mr. H. paid \$1500 for her in her 2 yr. old form. She was unfortunately killed on the Mount Vernon Course, in August last, by coming in contact with the inner railing, while running a trial.

Cymon, the sire of *Eliza Colvert*, and other 3 yr. olds that have come out this season with success, stands at Belfield, Va., at the stable of Dr. GEORGE GOODWYN. *Cymon* (named for an Athenian general) was got by *Marion*, out of *Fair Forester* by *Chance*.

PEDESTRIANISM.—A day or two ago, at Brynkinalt (Lord Dungannon's seat in North Wales), where a large party, including Lord Cantalupe, Lord Pollington, Lord G. Paget, Hon. C. Forester, Hon. J. M'Donald, Hon. H. St. John, Mr. T. O. Gascoyne, Mr. G. Jenkinson, Count Hugo Nostitz, M. Kuodriaski, &c., were assembled at the close of the festivities at Wynnstaz, and sitting over their wine after dinner, Mr. Gascoyne suddenly proposed a walk to Chester (23 miles), over a hilly Welsh road. Lord Cantalupe offered to bet £35 that no person present walked it in five hours. This bet was immediately taken up by Lord G. Paget, Mr. Jenkinson, and Count Nostitz, who started at 5 minutes past 1 (a dark night). Mr. Jenkins on soon took the lead, and arrived in Chester in 4 hours 38 minutes, the Count arriving 3 minutes afterwards; but Lord Paget had lost his road, and with it the bet.